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JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE

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Joyful through Hope

BY THE

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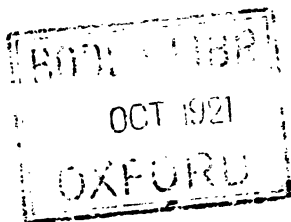
A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LTD.

LONDON: 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W. 1

OXFORD: 9 High Street

MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.: The Morehouse Publishing Co.

First impression, 1921



**TO
ALL WHO HAVE HELPED ME
TO HELP OTHERS**

PREFACE

THE following Addresses were given in S. Paul's Cathedral, and were reported for the *Church Times*, the editor of which kindly allows them to be reproduced in book form.

Like all unwritten addresses, they seem to the speaker to be cold and formal when written down—especially “when isolated from the atmosphere and environment on which they must always partly depend for conveying their message.” But it is possible that the note of hope which is meant to sound through each address may still retain its ring, and be of use to some who are making their itinerary, “through cloud and sunshine,” in “the life that now is.” Hope like charity “never faileth,” however deep the gloom—and like faith,

“She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of ‘yes’ and ‘no,’
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wailed ‘mirage.’”

S. Paul's pulpit has the same message to deliver to-day as S. Paul's preaching had in his day—a message best expressed perhaps in the words of our Baptismal Office, “Joyful through hope.”

E. R. H.

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JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Full of eyes before and behind."—Rev. vi. 6.

IF I were a limner and were asked to paint a picture of the New Year, I think I should paint a figure, not of Cronos, as in the painting at Pompeii, with his severing scythe cutting asunder the past and the future, the living and the dead; not of some white-winged recording angel, opening the uncut pages of the coming year; but of an ordinary man or woman, standing in the present, just one of ourselves, only, like the living beings in the Apocalyptic vision, full of, or "teeming with," eyes before and behind. I should paint a figure not looking first one way and then another, first backward and then forward, but using the eyes of the intelligence to look both ways at once, and to see the present

B

in the light of both past and future together. And underneath my figure I think I should place the old-fashioned motto: "A Happy New Year."

And I should, of course, at once be challenged for selecting such a motto for such a picture at such a time—and that, not only by Southey's "melancholy moralizers," but by every one worthy of being called a thinker. What, I should be asked, is there to be particularly happy about just now? If you look, I should be told, at what Emerson calls "the solid angularity of facts," you will see nothing but decadence and degeneration everywhere. Look at Literature! Compare most modern books of "Reminiscences" with, I will not say that greatest of all Books of Reminiscences in any age, the Fourth Gospel, but with some such book, to mention but one, as *Personal Studies*, by Henry Scott Holland, which lifts us right up into the sunshine and sparkles with joy as it registers memories of Jenny Lind (surely an unmatched gem), Lord Acton, Henry Parry Liddon, Sir James Paget, Burne-Jones, and so on. The comparison is certainly not in our favour.

Or, look at the moral atmosphere created by the Press. Compare certain newspapers of to-day with the very same papers published, say, ten years ago—papers often unable to find space for a single paragraph of highland

thought, but able to devote scores of columns to the lowland air of a beach murder, or a ducal divorce—obliged, for business purposes, to cater for the very taste which they themselves have created. Again, the comparison is not in our favour.

Or, look, I should be told, at our morals, at what Burke used to call “the inbred integrity and piety of the English people.” Look at the marriage law, legalizing polygamy and authorizing any and every man to have a succession of wives, if he can get them—and there seems to be no difficulty—during the lifetime of their predecessors. Look at money, that great gift entrusted to us by God, some day to be given an account of, now as recklessly misused by the many as it formerly was by the few. Look at the working men and the practical disappearance of the family feeling which belonged to old firms, without any corresponding sense of a new brotherhood; look at the million unemployed or unemployable, some of whom would work if they could, and some of whom could work if they would—reminding us of Buckingham’s half-humorous summary of the royal brothers, “Charles could if he would, and James would if he could”; look at the idle, taking everything they can get from and contributing nothing to the community; look at the sedition in India and the shambles in Ireland, and

so forth. And, worst of all, look at the modern presentment of a go-as-you-please Christianity and easy-going Churchmanship which hits nobody, and fails to satisfy anybody.

Would it not, we ask, be truer to facts to choose for a motto some such line as "Change and decay in all around I see," which the author seems to have borrowed from Stegmann, a German Lutheran, or the *Tempora pessima sunt*, "The world is very evil," from S. Bernard's *Hora Novissima*? Possibly it would, and yet I doubt it; for without going so far as the French philosopher, and saying, "Happy are the people whose annals are tiresome," yet in the very history of the tiresome, in the story of a nation's ills, a gleam of happiness may be found, and when found followed. Let me illustrate what I mean from an old Athenian Tragedy.

Some of us will recall from old school days the famous scene in *Œdipus Tyrannus*, where Sophocles portrays Thebes as decadent and dying. Suppliants, priests, and people, old and young, crowd the altars, eagerly awaiting the return of Creon, whom Œdipus has sent—

"To Delphos, from Apollo's shrine to ask
What must be done to save the wretched land."

At last Creon returns, and Œdipus asks:—

"My dearest Creon,
Oh! say what answer bear'st thou from the god;
Or good or ill?"

And Creon replies :—

“ Good, very good ; for know
The worst of ills if rightly used may prove
The means of happiness.”

If rightly used ! Not by ignoring our ills, either private or public ; not by pretending their non-existence ; not by over-estimating or under-estimating their reality, but by rightly using them, this is the way where happiness lies.

And one such way is suggested to us by the text—by placing the present, with all its ills, in its proper relation to the past and future, by looking at it, as it were, with “ eyes before and behind.”

I

First, there is the past. It is well at such a time to think backwards—if only we think far enough back. It is not enough to consult the *Daily Mail Year Book* or *Whitaker's Almanack* to get a right relation between the present and the past ; it is not enough to consult paragraphs in the papers quoting comments on happenings only a hundred years ago ; it is not enough to go to Janus, the January two-faced god, looking back only to the past year and on to the coming one. We must get further back still—back, as Sir Edwin Arnold bids us, to the days of Mary and Jesus :—

“ Back unto thee, back to thy olive trees,
Thy people, thy story, and thy Son.
Mary of Nazareth, so long ago,
Bearing us Him Who made our Christendom.”

We must get back to Jesus; back to the Gospels; back to the Creeds, if we would see from the past God's normal method of managing the present. For us Christians, at least, there is hope and happiness in the Creeds of the Catholic Church, for the Creeds are the happiest documents extant—Creeds which we sometimes forget are part of our own history. Think, for instance, of the magnificent drama unveiled in the central division of the Apostles' Creed recited twice daily in this cathedral. It tells of three distinct periods. First, there is the Nativity period, "born of the Virgin Mary"—a period full of beauty, altogether lovely, recalling at each recitation, as on a film, the Christmas cradle, the solitary *Ave* of the single angel, and the corporate worship of the angelic choir, Bethlehem and all that is beautiful. And then, suddenly, down it dives like a shot bird, down from the Virgin Mary to Pontius Pilate, hitting the earth with a thud, and landing us almost breathless in the suffering, crucifixion, death, and burial period. Christ is dead. Christianity seems doomed. She has lost her King—or

"If her king dwell anywhere,
'Tis other-where."

And then, without pause or break, up it lifts us once again into the next, the Resurrection, period. All is re-won. The King has come into His own again.

**"On that third morn He rose again,
Glorious in majesty to reign"—**

and all is well.

To us Christians, just because we are Christians, there is nothing in the world to-day which has not its counterpart in the Christian Creed. We see in it God's usual way of dealing with His free-will subjects. We are in the Pontius Pilate period to-day, and faith sees nothing irrational in believing that a third period is coming, and that the past will be repeated in the future. It is this that makes all the difference between a Christian and a non-Christian view of the outlook—or rather between a whole-hearted believer, and that most miserable of all human beings, a Christian who only half believes in Christ. And so with our eyes on the past we Christians can look happily into the future.

II

And our figure has "eyes before," as well as behind. In days of old the Pythian prophetess or medium, as I suppose we should call her, sat upon her tripod and foretold the future to clients who came to consult the Delphian Oracle. We need no such medium to reveal to us the future. In one sense, all that is requisite and necessary for us to know about the future at the moment is revealed to us by the past. For us, the past is the prophet of the

future—and the best pupil of the past is the best prophet of the future. We know quite enough of the coming year to serve all useful purposes. We know, for instance, from past experience, that given causes will produce given results: we can foretell the future—for we know quite well what will be the effect of present actions upon future years. The old Psalmist was right when he wrote that everything we think or do is written in indelible ink for those that come after. “This shall be written for them that come after”—written sometimes, alas, in the weird faces and tangled limbs of scores of little ones in and out of our children’s hospitals; written on the minds and characters of countless boys and girls who will have the making and moulding of the future; written on the very souls of every man, woman, and child with whom we come in casual, or constant, contact — and written there, thank God, for good as well as for ill. God guide our hands to make the writing worth the reading.

III

And it is all going on now—to-day—in the present. For like our picture figure we are standing in the priceless present, though facing the past and the future—standing at just the date, at just the time, when, through no choice of our own, we have been born and placed. And it is not, some might say, an ideal date in

which to be living. I am not so sure about that. But I am sure that it was just the same with Jesus. The first century was no ideal date to be living in, under the rule of Pontius Pilate, and Tiberius Caesar, and Herod and Philip and Annas and Caiaphas—none of them very pleasant persons—and many a local ruler from whom a world *blasé* with horrors might easily shrink to-day. Jesus shouldered His date. He did His duty to it. He did His best for it. He did not find it, He made it what He left it. This is what all, old and young, have to do to-day. Shoulder your date. Do your best for it. Don't leave it as you find it. It was the passion of the Christ in the first century to win the world for God ; and it must be the passion of the Christian now to win the world for Jesus—each of us beginning with our own square on the map. And if you say it is impossible, I reply: we must aim at impossibilities. This is what the Church is for. And all must help—the old, with eyes behind, looking back and lending the young all the wealth of their past experience ; the young, with eyes before, looking on and inspiring the old with all their young vitality and enthusiasm ; the old looking on and not limiting their outlook to the horizon of this world, and the young looking back and not limiting their backlook to the boundaries of the last few years ; old and young looking both ways at

once and both together, all joining hands in individual and corporate effort to bring back a lost earth—an earth which has lost so much it can ill afford to lose—to Him whom we have lately been so affectionately calling the Christ-Child.

“ A little Boy of heavenly birth
But far from home, one day
Came down to find His ball the earth,
That sin had thrown away.
O comrades! let us one and all
Join hands, and bring Him back His ball.”

THE HOUSE OF THE EPIPHANY

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him : and . . . presented unto Him gifts."—S. Matt. ii. 11.



OUR thoughts turn Eastward as we in the West commemorate the visit of the "Wise Men from the East" to the home of the Holy Family in Bethlehem. Back we turn to the Royal Nursery in the Cottage of the Epiphany ; back to the story of the Star, and the "star-led Chiefs" of Bishop Heber's carol ; back to the mysterious Magi and their mystic gifts ; back to the central Figure in all Christendom, the Holy Child, of whom we have just been singing in our translation of that fine old fourth-century Latin hymn,

"Jesus whom the Gentiles worship,
At Thy glad Epiphany"

—back to the old Eastern story of the Magi and the Epiphany.

And we draw our story from three sources, Scripture, Tradition, Legend, those three great literary forces which, in varying degrees, have done so much to make and mould English as well as Eastern history—Scripture, which states facts ; Tradition, which hands down,

interprets, and sometimes supplements those facts; Legend, sacred legend, which weaves webs of romance around the facts which Scripture reveals, and Tradition hands down. And we want all three forces to-day: we cannot spare one of them. We should be starved without Scripture, poorer without Tradition, and, I think, harder without Legend. And although we cannot always separate one from the other and say, for instance, where tradition ends and legend begins—any more than we can fix the exact spot where the river Thames runs into the North Sea, and say, this is river, this is sea—yet we may for our purpose borrow one single line of thought from each of them separately.

I

First, there is Scripture. And, speaking quite generally, Scripture, as a rule, when dealing with fundamentals, states facts, and there leaves them—not, indeed, stating them as hard facts, or dull substantives, but writing with fairy pen, and painting with magic brush, with love writ large in every line. And we may remind others, if we do not need reminding ourselves, that it is the fact, and not this or that theory about the fact, that Bible and Creed present to us for our assent. Think, for instance, of the Divine Creation. Scripture states the fact, “In the beginning”—or “in the beginning

when"—“God created the heavens and the earth,” and that is all that the first Article in either the Apostles’ or the Nicene Creed binds us down to—an article of belief which, if you think of any alternative which rules out God, it is far easier to believe than to disbelieve. Scripture pins us down to no one interpretation of the fact, to no one theory as to how God created the heavens and the earth, to no one conception of the time-length of each of the seven periods, or eras, called days, in which He created it. And there is nothing to shake our faith in the revealed fact because different scholars in different ages of scholarship take, as they always have taken, different views of the fact revealed.

Or there is the record of the Fall. Scripture states the fact—a fact which, if we look at things as they are, it is far harder to disbelieve than to believe. And there is nothing whatever to shake our faith in the fact, because different critics hold, as they always have held, different theories about the account of the fact—whether literal, historical, or allegorical. There is all the difference in the world between believing or denying the fact as Scriptural, and believing or denying the account of the fact as historical. What we are asked to assent to is the fact, with its blessed corollary, the Redemption—and there is nothing to seal our lips when, in the General

Thanksgiving, we bless God for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world—a fallen world—by our Lord Jesus Christ.

And then there is the Resurrection of the body. There is nothing whatever to shake our faith in the recorded fact, or to make us give a whispered, timid, half-ashamed assent when, in reciting the Creed, we say, "I believe in the Resurrection of the body," because different minds take, and always have taken, different views about the nature of that body—provided, of course, that they are views about, and not contradictions of, the fact. The Bible states the fact, and there leaves it—and we might do worse than follow its example.

Again, there is the Blessed Sacrament. There is absolutely nothing to shake our belief in the Church's teaching about the Blessed Sacrament, or to keep us from making our communions, because at different times different schools of thought have held different views about the exact interpretation of the words of Consecration, or how those words, if rightly and duly used, cause what they effect. Scripture states the fact: "This is My Body": "This is My Blood," and there leaves it—and again we might do worse than follow its example.

And so it is with almost all the fundamental doctrines revealed in Scripture. "When you can agree among yourselves," say onlookers, "we will give you a hearing." But we do agree

among ourselves. We agree about the facts; and it is a far higher note of unity to agree about facts than about the explanation of the facts.

And so we come back to our Epiphany story in all its beauty. Scripture records the fact; tells us of the visit of the Wise Men to the house in Bethlehem; shows them to us bending the knee and doing homage to the Child-King, as each silently declares himself to be His *homo*; paints them as changing the Cottage of the Epiphany into a Chapel of the Divine Infancy, and transforming a Jewish house into a Christian Church, as "falling down" they worship the "Hidden Deity unseen," and offer unto Him their gifts, as we have done this morning. All do their devoir to the Infant King, as He lies upon the most ancient and wonderful of all historic Thrones, a mother's knees.

But save that they came from the East, Scripture tells us nothing whatever about them—whether they were kings or peasants, three or thirty, astronomers or astrologers, old or young, magians or magicians. That is not its province: that it leaves to Tradition.

II

It is one amongst many of the offices of Tradition to hand down the earliest interpretations of fundamental and essential truths revealed in Scripture. And it is a fair assumption that the first and earliest members of the Christian

Society, who lived nearest to and in closest touch with those who recorded the facts, knew best the earliest interpretations put upon those facts. Thus if we find an early consensus of opinion about some fundamental fact held by the members of that society (which we call the Church) it is at least not unreasonable to accept that ancient universal interpretation in preference to the modern opinion of a lonely and isolated individualist.

And even outside these fundamental doctrines, traditions connected with Scripture are full of interest. Thus, Scripture states that at Christ's crucifixion there were two thieves crucified with Him, and a second-century tradition supplements the revelation and hands down the names of the two thieves as Dismas and Gestas. Scripture records the healing of the man with a withered hand, and a second-century tradition adds that he was a stonemason maimed by an accident who implored Jesus to heal him that he might not have to beg his bread—and so on. And so once more we come back to the Epiphany. Scripture records the fact. Tradition, interestingly, whether rightly or wrongly, supplements the records by giving us their names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, telling us they were kings, painting them as three in number and representatives of youth, manhood, and old age, and so forth—each tradition depending for its value on the worth

of the external and internal evidence which lies behind it.

III

And then there is Legend, sacred Legend, which surrounds solid facts with beautiful fancies, and weaves them into their texture. They are, of course, unhistoric—fancies, not facts, but not devoid of mystic meaning on that account to those who have eyes to see. Take, for example, the legend of the Seamless Coat. Scripture tells us the soldiers cast lots for it: Tradition adds that it fell into the hands of Pontius Pilate: Legend changes the coat into a coat of mail which twice thwarts attempts on Pilate's life, while a third attempt, when he was not wearing it, was successful. And so it is with the beautiful legends which cluster round our Saviour's life on earth—legends of roses of Jericho blossoming on the spot where His sacred feet had trod; palm trees bending low their branches to give dates to the Holy Family; idols falling flat on their faces as the Holy Child passes along the street when flying into Egypt—all fancies, but fancies which, though neither Scripture nor Tradition, have, in their own province, their own work to do if only in raising the tone of our own wandering fancies, and of novel and romance, and helping to lift us mentally out of much that is muddy. "I cannot leave my soul in this

c

heap of mud," cried Père Lacordaire just before his conversion—and we know what the great French preacher meant. In so far, then, as they are things of beauty, and regarded only as such, they are all to the good. Anything which helps to lift us, spiritually and mentally, out of the moral mud-heaps of our time is worth retaining in our literature and our lives. And so, once more, we come back to the Epiphany, with many a lovely legend to its account, of which time now fails to tell.¹

Scripture, Tradition, Legend, all are God's gifts, and, like all God's gifts, all are full of helps and risks in the using—risks which God thinks it worth taking when trusting them to us. All that matters is that we see Jesus in each of them, even as in Burne-Jones' exquisite, though unhistoric, picture of "The Star of Bethlehem" the eyes of all are intent upon one single Figure, the Holy Child; even as in Tintoretto's "Adoration," the whole picture is nothing but one large star, of which Jesus is the centre, and everything else, even the very timbers of the roof, radiates from the one small figure of Jesus in the midst.

Scripture, Tradition, Legend—all have their place in the making and moulding of character—all grow around our festival like creepers on the House of the Epiphany.

¹ See, e.g. "The Legend of the Baboushka" in *In Praise of Legend*, p. 51.

THE MADONNA OF THE SCRIPTURES

"God sent forth His Son, made of a woman."—Gal. iv. 4.



I WANT to-day, when the attitude of women to men, and women to women, and women to themselves is affecting so vastly the tone of the nation, to speak of one woman: "The Madonna of the Scriptures"—not at the moment of the Madonna of art, not at the moment of the Madonna of tradition, not at the moment of the Madonna of legend, but of the Madonna of the Scriptures—the woman of whom it is written: "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman."

A Woman! She would desire no higher title for herself; we need desire no higher title for her; it is God's own title for God's own Mother. And of all the titles which sunny Italian and graceful Greek have given her, and with which, maybe, love excessive has decorated her, none is higher, none more regal than the Scriptural title "Lady," translated from the Greek into our more sombre, but not less lovely, English, "Woman." And

if you say that that woman is *the* woman, the ideal woman, the queen of women, I agree ; if you say that she is more than woman, I disagree ; if you say, with Dante, that she is "the supreme creation of the uncreated Creator," I agree ; if you make her more than a creature, I disagree ; if you place her on a mystic throne, exclusively her own, I am with you ; if you place her on a throne exclusively her Son's, I am against you. She has her own proper position, her own exclusive attributes ; and if you deny her attributes which are hers and hers alone, you wound the Son's pride in the Mother ; if you endue her with attributes which are His and His alone, you wound the Mother's pride in the Son.

And it is just because, in illuminating her, we have so constantly put too much or too little gold on the brush, that we have become like the delirious patient in the story and have seen ugly skulls in the lovely fleur-de-lis on the wall-paper. We have mixed up mariology with mariolatry, and have done dishonour to both Mother and Son. Hence we have suffered from one of those *lacunae* which have so frequently impoverished different divisions of a divided Christendom, and partly, from fear of irreverence, we have lost something worth having, something worth rediscovering. Just as some years ago a Botticelli's *Madonna* of almost priceless value was

discovered stowed away in the back room of an old castle near Milan, and replaced in its proper setting in the world of art, so it is with the Madonna. She has still to be rediscovered by the ordinary English Churchman and replaced in her proper position as the Madonna of the Scriptures.

And, speaking to a mixed congregation such as this, to many of whom she may be a comparative stranger, it may be well to be quite elementary and go back to the Sacred Record itself, to recall the primary position of this one woman in the old Palestinian story, and to replace her in the setting assigned to her in Scripture.

And what is this setting? If we go back to Scripture, we shall place her where Gabriel placed her in the cottage of the Annunciation, as "blessed among women," and, overshadowed by the Holy Ghost as by some mystic bridal veil, as Mother of the Messiah. We shall place her where Elisabeth placed her in the House of the Visitation, as she catches up the angelic beatitude, and once again acclaimed her blessed among women, and "Mother of my Lord." We shall place her where she places herself in the music of the *Magnificat*, as, with matchless humility, she proclaims herself the lowly handmaid, slave, or servant of the Lord, and then, quick as wireless, flashes out how God—"holy is His Name"—has magnified her into

what Dante has made her faithful Bernard call her, "Mary the magnificent." We shall place her where Jesus Himself has placed her, when on the hill of Calvary, in His supreme need of woman's help, He Whom she had taught to talk calls her by the old title of happier days in Cana of Galilee—"Woman." This is the name which the great Apostle echoes on to the ages as he preaches her as the instrument of the Incarnation, and tells how just at the right moment God had "sent forth from Himself His Son, made of a woman." There they all enthrone her; there they leave her.

This, then, is her place in Scripture—the ideal woman—the threefold type of perfect womanhood, maidenhood, and motherhood.

I

And first the woman! For it is as woman, and not even as mother, that she is sprung upon us in the Gospel story. It is this aspect to which early Christian art had been so scrupulously true, painting her first as woman, and not until the seventh century as "Mother and Babe," "Madonna and Child."

And I like to think that in an age which held women as cheap as women held themselves—as will always be the case—there was one woman, little more than a girl, placed by God, through the ordinary circumstances of her life in a country home, as many a woman is placed

to-day, by whom the position of womanhood should be recovered. No one knew it, no one suspected it ; yet there she was all the time, quietly and simply "doing by being" and "being by doing." It is well to remember it at a moment when we are inclined to judge an unobtrusive majority by an obtrusive minority, and to despair of our times. It is well to remember that, in spite of pitiful frivolity, of open indifference to open sin, of wrong and reckless self-expenditure, of a commercial trafficking in souls and bodies, which leaves them like the poet's

"fleet of glass
Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold,"

there are many thousands of women who, in some far-off reflection, are trying to be to their generation something of what S. Mary was to hers ; women whose lives may be seen in her life, as Rossetti, in his *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, made the face of his sister Christina to be seen in the Madonna's face ; women to whom every day is a Lady Day, every week a May week, and every month the month of May.

And the Madonna, as woman, as the supreme woman, has left us, her children, the dual legacy of maidenhood and motherhood.

II

It is as a betrothed maiden that we first meet her in the Lucan reminiscences—as "a Virgin

espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the Virgin's name was Mary." It is the period in her life which in some ways corresponds to our "engagement" period—one of the most sacred periods in the life of a man and woman. In Mary's days, indeed, the betrothal was called "the making sacred," the bride and bridegroom being from the moment of their betrothal sacred to one another, and it was entered upon with a religious ceremony with priestly blessing and the joining of hands. It should be so regarded now. It is a time second only in sacredness to marriage itself; for it is a time of discovery—the discovery whether spiritually, physically, mentally, two human beings are called to live together "till death"—not divorce—them "do part."

We certainly have lost something by rolling the Betrothal and the Marriage Service into one, and thus taking from the sanctity of the one without adding to the sacredness of the other. Formerly, until the time of Charles I, a betrothal was celebrated in a separate and solemn service, at which an oath was administered: "Ye swear by God and His Holy Saints and by all the Saints in Paradise, that you will take this woman whose name is 'N.' to wife:" hands were joined by the priest with the words, "And thus ye affiance yourselves;" and a ring was given and received—a ring which generally had upon it some motto or posy, such

as in later days was inscribed on Elizabeth Barrett Browning's engagement ring, "God above, increase our love." The betrothal was a solemn contract and was sanctified at a solemn service, a service which might well be restored for those who wish to make it a sacred moment in their lives.

And the old test is still the best test! It is love. Do they love each other? But what is love? Love in the Gospel is foursquare. It consists of four elements. We are told to love God, and therefore each other (and human love is but a reflection of the Divine), with all the heart, i.e. the emotions; with all the soul, i.e. the affections; with all the strength, i.e. the passions; with all the mind, i.e. the reason. It is this last essential element in love—loving with the mind—which seems to have fallen out of fashion of late, and with such heart-aching consequences. And yet, as we are slowly learning, mental love is as necessary an element in lasting love as any one of its four parts. For, to-day, men and women are discovering that a lasting marriage is something more than a mere Romeo and Juliet romance—though that it is, and long may it be so. The Christian ideal of wedded love regards it as an act of the whole being, mental as well as emotional, spiritual as well as animal, intellectual as well as imaginative, disciplinary as well as passionate. The passing period of the betrothal

thus becomes only less important than the permanent period of the marriage for which it is the preparation. God help the betrothed to use it, not only with heart and soul and strength, but also with mind and reason.

But there must, of course, be many who are not called to the married life. Some are called to what is technically known as "the Religious life," called to leave the world for the sake of the world, and to live in this or that regularly constituted religious community—if, according to the counsel of S. Thomas, "they have no home duties, if they have fitting health, and if they are free from personal eccentricities"—which last counsel wisely places a limit on the Profession of a certain number of aspirants! Others are called to live unmarried in the world, regarding their call not merely as a negative disability, but as a positive vocation—getting their own living, and helping others to get theirs, as "a state of life," living in the world on behalf of the world, and doing it all for the love of the Beloved. Both states are vocations; both find their type and example in Mary of Nazareth.

III

But the Madonna of the Scriptures is mother as well as maid, the type of motherhood as well as of maidenhood—as in Giotto's appealing pictures, "held fast by little hands which rule by impotence." *Semper Virgo, Semper Mater,*

Scripture presents her to us in every aspect of motherhood. We see her in the House of the Nativity as the joyful mother, as "Madonna and Child"; in the Cottage at Nazareth as the working mother, working for Him Who worked for her; in His Father's House as the glad mother, once again reunited to her lost Boy; in the House of Cana as the trusting mother, looking to Him for help when other helpers fail; in the House of S. Peter as the anxious mother, when told that her Son is overtaking His brain, and doing too much; on the Hill of Calvary as the sorrowing mother, never failing Him, but "at the Cross her station keeping" until His last good-bye; in the House of S. John as the waiting mother, growing old, getting old, being old, a type not only of the young and buoyant, but in touch with and an example to the middle-aged and the aged, and all who long to go, but have to wait. And here, in the "own home" of the disciple whom Jesus loved, at the end of her earthly itinerary, the Sacred Record leaves her—leaves her waiting her call to further heights; waiting to rejoin Him of whom it is written, "She brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger," and "God brought forth His Son, made of a woman"; leaves her, but ever keeps her to be to us—

"The type of all most pure and good,
The Rose and Lily both of Womanhood"—

the Madonna of the Scriptures.

TWELVE YEARS OLD

"And when He was twelve years old."—S. Luke ii. 42.

TWELVE years old ! It is an interesting and indeed a critical age in the life of any child. In the Gospel for the week it corresponds, perhaps, with the fifteen to seventeen which Sir Oliver Lodge tells us is the anxious age in the life of every modern English boy and girl. Twelve ! Fifteen ! Seventeen ! It is certainly not a less anxious time for the boy of to-day than it was a few years ago.

"Twelve years old !" It is the middle of those three ages which Scripture picks out as landmarks in the life of Jesus—the first, "when Jesus was born" ; the second, "when He was twelve years old" ; the third, when, as the Revised Version translates it, "Jesus Himself . . . was about thirty years of age"—three divisions of His life worth considering, if only because Scripture records them.

I

And first, His birth. "Ye shall find the Babe." Unlike the first Adam, the Second

Adam is not sprung upon human history as a full-grown man. Why? The answer is a glad one. He will leave nothing undone to convince mankind how He loves them; He will leave out no stage of life that we go through; He will even take His place in the life-story of a human child.

And there are, I suppose, two words we naturally connect with the birth of every child: Pedigree and Purpose—the family from which it is born, the purpose for which it is born. And Jesus will be so wholly one with us, that He will place Himself under the conditions connected with each word. He will be so wholly human that He, very God of very God, will be caught into the current of a human pedigree. He will be so exactly like one of us that His Name will be found in what S. Matthew calls “the book of the generation, or genealogy, of Jesus Christ.” He will be so one with high and low, great and small, that His Name will be found in the royal records of the “House and lineage of David,” and inscribed as a working-man’s child in God’s great peerage of the poor. So like us will He be! Yes! but, thank God, so utterly unlike us also! For over the cradle of every other child I read in letters big and black, “Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me”; but over the cradle of the Christ-Child I read, “Conceived by the

Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"; over the crib of every human babe I read, as in the words of our Catechism, "Being by nature born in sin"; but over the Christmas crib I read, in the words of the Christmas Collect and Preface, "Born of a pure Virgin," "and that without spot of sin." This is what I read; this is what God reads as He looks down upon the cradle of the Christ-Child. There in that Infant He sees at length a perfect human child, humanity as it was meant to be. Sprung from a purged pedigree, offspring of a spotless Virgin, Jesus, "by the operation of the Holy Ghost, made very man of the substance of the Virgin Mary His Mother," satisfies the heart of God. Now, at last, God can look down from heaven, as through an open window, and say, as He said when the heavens opened thirty years later, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Very different, you will say, from any other child. Did not even a S. Teresa say, "Seeing my soul in a vision, it looked to me as though it were covered with spots of leprosy"? And was she not right? Yes! The contrast is infinite. But, as the Christmas Preface teaches us, if He was born without spot of sin, it was for a purpose—"to make us clean from all sin," original and actual. For there is another great word connected with the birth of every child, Purpose. "To this end was

I born, and for this purpose came I into the world" is the silent utterance of every new-born child. What that purpose is may not be realized or revealed at once. Vocation, like any other treasure, has to be discovered, and it surely is both our wisdom and joy to discover what God's purpose is. You will remember how Mrs. Browning has given us the thought in her poem, "Isobel's Child." A mother is seen bending over her babe and, as it were, playing with its future vocation :—

"My little child, what wilt thou choose?
Now let me look at thee and ponder."

What shall he be? Orator? Philosopher?
Poet?

"Wilt thou think it fitter
To be eloquent and wise?
Wilt be a philosopher
By whose voice the earth and skies
Shall speak to the unborn?
Or a poet, broadly spreading
The golden immortalities
Of thy soul on nature's lorn?"

She knows the child was brought into the world for a purpose: it is for her, the mother, to find out what that purpose is. And so with S. Timothy. He was born for a purpose. Prophecies had "gone before" on him," planning out the purpose of his life, and leading to his Ordination. So it has been with each of us.

And that which is true of every child is supremely true of Jesus Christ. He came

into the world with a purpose, and what that purpose was is declared by the angel of the Annunciation: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for it is He that shall save His people from their sins." That was, that still is, the end for which He was born, the purpose for which He came into the world—to save His people from their sins. And that is the message which the devil is trying to blur to-day with all the side issues being discussed in connection with Christianity being a failure. The message of Christianity was, and is, "Jesus can save," and it has never yet failed any one who has listened to it.

There is a story told of three men in a Northern town who were once heard discussing the life of Christ. One said, "I think His teaching was the noblest teaching that the world has ever heard." Another said, "I think His life was the finest life the world has ever seen." The third said, "I think that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." They were all three right, but the third had gripped more than either of the others. That is the Church's message to souls to-day—Jesus can save. That is the meaning of every sacrament of the Catholic Church, or it is a mere form and ceremony. Look at that little child born in sin through no fault of its own. Must it wait until it has grown up and has exchanged original for actual sin before it can be made clean? Is that

the drab and dreary message of the Christian Church for its parents? No! Jesus can save: and there in the Font is a Fountain opened for all uncleanness springing straight from the Wounded Side, and it is the joyous right of every child of the Church to say, as it recites the great Creed of Christendom, "I believe in one Baptism for the remission of sins."

Look at that boy or girl: that man or woman. They have sinned actually; sinned deeply; sinned darkly; sinned with great red, crimson sins; "sinned as none else in the world sinned before them; are blacker than all other creatures in guilt." What then? Jesus can save:—

"Then on my ear the gracious tidings fall—
Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

And as I listen to the well-loved words "By His authority committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins," I know there is a second fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness—a second, but the same; for the stream from the Wounded Side never runs dry—and I know that Jesus can save.

Once again, there is the Blessed Sacrament of the altar! Look at it in whichever aspect you like: it is the Sacrament of Salvation. Look at it in its sacrificial aspect, and you see Jesus saving His people from their sins: Jesus

D

the "saving victim" offered for the sins of the whole world—as we sing with S. Thomas Aquinas, in the *O Salutaris hostia* :—

"O *Saving* Victim opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below."

Look at it as the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, and you see Jesus as the Living Saviour, given, taken, and received—as we sing in the old Latin hymn, sung in the ancient Irish Church during the Communion of the people,—

"*Saved* by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God."

This was the purpose of His first birthday, the end for which He came into the world, and it has never failed !

II

Then there is His second stage. "When He was twelve years old." Twelve was a definite period in the educational life of every Jewish boy. For twelve quiet years at home the Child Jesus must have been trained by His Mother and foster-father like any other child. And I suppose that the object of every parent during the first twelve years of life is, slowly and silently, to train the conscience of the growing child. And this, as in the case of Jesus, in two ways—by giving the child what we should call a secular and religious education in one ; by teaching him a trade and by teaching him the Scriptures, not separating the two, but giving

the one as the regulating power of the other.

And it is to these two sides of education, roughly represented by the Church and State, in which Christ willed to be trained, that every Christian parent must cling. The basis of our children's education must be that of the Holy Child Jesus. First, there is the training in the carpenter's shop, and all that it stands for—the teaching which is to fit boys or girls to take their place in the work of the world. But, as we know, this is not enough. It is not enough for a boy to be taught a trade: he must be taught how to conduct himself in that trade, and towards that trade. “Is not this the carpenter's Son?” Yes! but what sort of a carpenter is he to be? There are still trades in which master-men will grind down their workers, will treat souls as “hands,” will sweat their workpeople, will play the tyrant over the weak. And there are workmen and servants who will scamp their work, break the contract which assigns so much work for so much wage, and will fight for their own interest, wholly indifferent to the rights of others. Something is needed to guide and direct their conduct. What is it? It is the Faith.

Like the Child Jesus, our children must be taught both together—the trade which will enable them to hold their own and get their own living in “that state of life to which it

shall please God to call them," and the Scriptures which will point out to them the right and honourable way in which to do it—Scriptures, you will remember, interpreted to the Holy Child by the Church to which His parents belonged, and explained by the fathers of that Church at whose feet we see Him sitting, pupil-wise, as S. Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, "both hearing them and asking them questions."

But there is one more stage in this period in our Lord's education before He begins His work in the world—what may, perhaps, be called the period of thought. Back He goes from the Temple to Nazareth, and for eighteen more years prepares for His three years' work. Is it irreverent to say that as He "advanced in wisdom," whatever the words may mean, those eighteen years were devoted to thinking?—that part of our education which many of us are feeling the loss of so badly to-day. It is this period of preparation—the thinking period—which the war has endangered, and which gives the future an anxious look. For in more works than one the crying need for men is already suggesting the shortening of this stage in education. We cannot do without the term which corresponds with the years of thinking spent by Jesus of Nazareth, in company with her of whom it is written: "Mary kept all these sayings and pondered them."

III

And then, and not till then, we come to the third recorded stage which ushers Him into His public career : " And Jesus, when He began to teach, was about thirty years of age." Preparation has led to concentration : every word tells : every action lives : and a short three years are sufficient for Him in which to do His work, and die—to die as we should say, as we have often said of late, "cut off in the prime of life." What could be more beautiful ? Like the angel in the " Dream of Gerontius," He can say :—

" My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the Crown is won,
Alleluia
For evermore."

His work is done, and He will put Himself in touch with those, often younger still, who have fought their battle and finished their course. Many there are, indeed, whose work is not finished for many a long year after they have passed their prime. To such He leaves the example of the beloved disciple, S. John the aged, the old man of a hundred, and Elisabeth, "well stricken in years," to whom He entrusts, as a legacy, the sterner duty of showing us how to grow old. But He Himself will die on the battlefield of Calvary—and will leave His Mother behind Him ; will inaugurate the

Waiting Church ; will wait for her and for all His beloved to join Him, some sooner, some later, as in the Divine Session “ He sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.”

Such is the life-story of Jesus of Nazareth in its three divisions—born in Bethlehem ; twelve years old ; aged thirty, and then dead upon the battlefield—and behold He is alive for evermore, a living, personal Jesus.

THE BEAUTY OF DOCTRINE

"That ye may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."—Titus ii. 10.

ADORN the doctrine." Some people say they hate doctrine. I don't: I love it. And I will tell you why. It is because I love the beautiful; and in things spiritual there is no beauty like the beauty of doctrine—only the eye of the ordinary English Churchman has never been trained to see it; hence his obstinate dislike to a word which he connects with controversy, and which conveys little or nothing to him.

I

You will see what I mean if you think of the controversy constantly raging about the teaching of doctrine in our day schools. "I would banish all doctrine from all schools," a school inspector once said to me, "and teach the children simple Bible truths, such as 'God is love,' or 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' and the Lord's Prayer, and somewell-known hymns." And at first sight there is something strangely attractive to the average Englishman in the

suggested syllabus. It seems to settle so many difficulties. Banish all doctrine, and there you are! But you cannot.

Think of the first suggestion: "God is love." Why, there are no fewer than three stupendous doctrines, each full of beauty, involved in the dogma: the existence of God, the personality of God, the character of God which is love—a character which it would at times be extremely difficult to deduce from the world as we see it. Or again, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Why, there are no fewer than six foundation doctrines, each full of beauty, in the words—first, that there is such a Person as Jesus; secondly, that this Jesus is the Christ; thirdly, that He was pre-existent, "before all worlds"; fourthly, that He was Incarnate, and came into the world; fifthly, that He is the Saviour of sinners; and sixthly, that there are sinners to be saved. Plenty of doctrine here! Then there is the Lord's Prayer! What could be more beautiful? Yes! but it is the doctrine which induces the beauty. From first to last, from the Fatherhood of God at the beginning to the existence of evil, or perhaps the evil one, at the end, it is packed with doctrine, full of beauty. And as to the hymns; it would not be easy to find one single hymn in any hymnal, however subjective or sentimental, from which

all doctrine had been banished. Think of some popular Evangelical hymn, such as Bishop Bickersteth's "Peace, perfect peace."

"Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

What could be more beautiful? But the whole beauty lies in the doctrine—the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, the Kingship of Jesus. Or, think of S. Thomas Aquinas' Eucharistic hymn, *Ecce panis Angelorum*, "Lo! the angels' bread is given." It is beautiful all the way through. But it owes its beauty to the doctrine enshrined in every line and every verse. In all three cases—Bible, Paternoster, Hymns—there are unbanished doctrines; and, in each case, it is the doctrine which makes the beauty. Why is it, then, that doctrine is so much disliked by the untaught Churchman? There are, perhaps, two main reasons: one because he confuses doctrine with definitions, and the other because he is shy of facing difficulties—and that which we are shy of, we shy at.

II

First, as to definitions. In nine cases out of ten we do not really dislike the doctrine, but the way in which it is defined. Take, for instance, the doctrine of Conversion: a doctrine full of beauty—as any one who has been converted and is trying to become like the ideal little child of the Gospel, knows

from experience—but marred and disfigured by being confused with, or fused into, the doctrine of Regeneration, or by a rigid insistence on a conscious and instantaneous and permanent experience without which there is no true conversion. Or, there is the doctrine of Election—the doctrine that God has willed every one of the baptized to come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved—and saved every one of them will be unless he wilfully, deliberately, and intentionally, after due chance given and rejected, finally and with eyes wide open, flings back God's great offer of salvation in His face; a doctrine full of beauty, but spoilt and marred by the ugly interpretation that God deliberately elects this one to salvation and that one to damnation, wholly irrespective of their own choice, chance, and free will. Or, there is the Blessed Sacrament. What could be more exquisite than the Words of Consecration as they stand? What more disfiguring than the dozens of different meanings read into or out of them by individual interpretations—one by Calvin, another by Zwingli, another by Luther, and so on? The beauty is there—but it lies in the Church's doctrine, not in the private interpretations of the doctrine.

Again, the average person dislikes doctrine because of its difficulties. He can see nothing beautiful about them. But it is in these very

difficulties that the beauty lies—the beauty of discovery. Of course, there are doctrinal difficulties. No religion would be worth having without them. Imagine a religion without difficulties! It would cease to attract the best brains of the day. Difficulties tell of the scientific side of religion, the very side which makes it so intellectually interesting. It is with doctrine as it is with the Bible, in which all doctrine is enshrined. The very difficulties in the Bible appeal to the best intellects of the best men in the best ages. Thank God for Bible difficulties. There are plenty of them: chronological difficulties connected with the dates of the Creation and the Nativity; geological and geographical difficulties about the area of the Flood and the exact place of the Crucifixion; historical difficulties about contradictions in Chronicles and Kings; moral difficulties about the sacrifice of Isaac and exterminating wars; psychological difficulties about S. Paul being caught up into Paradise and hearing “unspeakable words”; theological difficulties about the interpretation of the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Divine Session, the Second Advent, and such-like—all rendered still more difficult by the almost necessary use of spatial phraseology in discussing them. And they all have their beauty. Thank God, the Bible has its scientific as well as its simple side, a side which appeals to the

head as well as to the heart, to the higher and lower critic as well as to the little children. And as children will describe the same sickness in child language which the physician will describe in scientific language, so it is with Bible language. In this lies its beauty; this is its attractiveness. It appeals to all; it draws all; it is written for all. It is the same with doctrines. The explanation and interpretation of such doctrines as the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension have, and are meant to have, their scientific difficulties; but they are difficulties of interpretation rather than of doctrine, and while they need not worry the humblest intelligence, they are worthy of the life study of the greatest intellects.

III

And it is this great gift of doctrine which God has entrusted to us to make beautiful and to commend to others—in the Apostle's words, "to adorn."

"Adorn the doctrine." Just as Christian art takes some great Christian doctrine and beautifies it with the brush, so we have to take the different doctrines of the Church's seasons, such as Easter, the Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, and adorn and beautify them by our lives, even as Jesus adorned and beautified the doctrine of Holy Matrimony with His

presence at Cana of Galilee. For as they are presented by us, they will attract or repel those to whom we present them. So the General Thanksgiving rightly links together life and doctrine: doctrine to direct the life, the life to adorn the doctrine. It is the life which commends or degrades the doctrine.

And we may adorn doctrine in two ways, by our devotions and by our duties. You cannot separate either from doctrine.

First, devotions. Doctrines without devotions are dead; devotions without doctrines will die. Devotions are the frescoes: doctrine is the fabric—and you cannot have the frescoes without the fabric, though the fabric without the frescoes is drab. But what are our devotions? Devotions are the expression of our devotion—and of our devotion to the central Figure of all doctrine, the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ. In one form or another, all our devotions, public and private, are telling Jesus that we love Him. They may be demonstrative or undemonstrative, emotional or unemotional (as in the devotion of one person to another), according to the racial or individual temperament of the devotee. Thus, the Italian temperament will express its devotion in one type of devotions, the Greek in another, the English in another. One will find his mode of expression in language which may seem unreal and exaggerated to another, and that other may

in turn seem stern and stiff and cold-blooded to a warmer, sunnier temperament. Each may be equally real; each has something to contribute to and learn from the other. Perfect devotions will only be attained when all types have learnt what each has to teach the other, and with all their varieties are one in Christ Jesus in whom all types meet. Meanwhile, do let us remember that in our devotions, however much they may vary, we all have one common object, devotion to the living Jesus. Forgetting all this, we so often quarrel about this or that type of service or ceremonial, and fail to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in our devotional lives, we alienate others, and present the doctrine really dear to us as repellent instead of beautiful.

And then, there is duty—duty which is the handmaid and sister of devotion, and every bit as much a power for adorning or disfiguring doctrine as devotion. For duty is the direct outcome of doctrine. Nobody minds doctrine if it does not involve duty. We may teach what we like, as long as nothing follows. “Stick to the doctrine, man!” said the elderly deacon to a young dissenting minister who had dared to preach practice as the outcome of doctrine; “stick to the doctrine, that can never do anybody any harm!” No, nor any good either, at that rate! Doctrine demands duty.

But what is duty, "that glorious old English keyword, duty," as Charles Kingsley loved to call it? Again we get into the region of the personal. Duty is that which is "due" to a person—to a wife from her husband, to a husband from his wife, and so on. Apart from the person to whom it is due, there is no such thing as duty, and the highest conception of duty—a conception which runs through everything—is that it is something due to the Person of the living Jesus, and to others in Him. This it is which transfigures the whole idea, and makes a dull word beautiful.

And this is what is wanted just now. For at the moment the word is under an eclipse, and its beauty is dim. Few now seem to think of doing anything, either in work or worship, because it is a duty, and simply from a sense of duty, as some of us, thank God, were taught to do it when we were young; and they miss much. Duty, then, is something due to God, due to others, due to ourselves. The old teaching, or doctrine (it is the same word), is the best, and in losing the doctrine we have lost the beauty. And where shall we Churchmen find a "duty-programme" for our guidance? There is no better programme, commonplace as it may sound, than in the old under-valued Church Catechism, which tells us our duty (that which is due) towards God and our duty towards our neighbour. But the

answers, half despised as old, are in reality fifty years in advance of us, and far beyond the mental grip of most modern dabblers. For upon the answers to these two questions: "What is thy duty towards God?" and "What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?" the whole future of England, of Europe, of the world depends. I wish I had time to read both answers, for they are worth reading, or re-reading—far better worth reading than half the labour programmes written and circulated to-day. For they go to the root of the whole matter, and place before us, first (in our duty towards God), the doctrine of duty, and then (in our duty towards our neighbour) how to adorn that doctrine, and make the duty beautiful. There is indeed no programme of "our duty towards ourselves," for self must disappear, and the answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards thyself?" is involved in both the other answers, and cannot be separated from either of them—as, for instance, when I am told in my duty towards my *neighbour* that it is my duty to get *mine own* living, and do my duty in that state of life in which it shall please God (and not merely inclination) to call me—a programme which solves more problems than appears upon the surface.

S. Paul really gets right home when he bids Titus tell the Christian slaves at Crete that, as converts to Christianity, their duty is to

adorn the doctrine which they profess and so commend it to others. This is what S. Chrysostom told his spiritual children: "Greeks form their estimate of doctrines not from the doctrine itself but from the actions and lives" of those who profess them. He would say the same to us and echo the Apostle's "Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

Some of us are already trying to adorn it in some things. Some day, please God, all will succeed in adorning it in all things, and then indeed will doctrine be seen to be beautiful. Think it all out, and don't say that you don't like doctrine, because you do.

MEN AND WOMEN

"Neither the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord."—1 Cor. xi. 11.

MEN and women! God made them both: God wants them both. "In the Lord," in the Christian economy, from the Christian standpoint, both are needed, for both, and both together, are inside God's great scheme for the universe.

Of all the subjects dealt with so exhaustively and contradictorily in the daily press, there is one which means as much as any to the future of the nation—a subject of which a leading paper has written, "Signs are multiplying on all sides of a growing bitterness between the sexes; men and women are snapping at one another." The charge is true, and, from a numerical and swing-of-the-pendulum point of view, it is perhaps inevitable. And so, avoiding all politics and parties, it is worth while recalling the Christian principle which underlies all parties and all politics—the Pauline principle of conjunction: "Neither the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man." Each, says the Apostle, needs

the other ; each can be and do more together than either can be or do alone. Aquila and Priscilla can be and do more together than either Aquila or Priscilla can do alone. Each has a separate sphere which cannot be filled by the other, and it is only by their conjunction that either or both can be and do their best. In this sense the sexes are equal. Neither sex, as such, is on a higher or lower, but on a parallel plane of dignity. If it is said that "the man is the head of the woman," it is not as an autocratic but as a constitutional head ; and if it is said that the woman is subject to the man, it is not the subjection of inferiority but of order. Identified in aim, but not identical in action ; identified in purpose, but not identical in powers ; identified in work, but not identical in office—men and women have their own distinctive sphere ; and it is just because it is distinctive that it can and must be conjunctive.

I.

It is interesting to us English people of to-day to look back and see this principle at work in the story of the conversion of England to Christianity. Go back in thought to the sixth century—for England did not happen to begin yesterday!—and the then Kingdom of Kent. A man, Ethelbert, is on the throne, and Ethelbert is a pagan. Then

a woman, a Christian woman, comes into his life. It is Bertha, the Christian daughter of Charibert, the Christian King of Paris. We can see her on her knees in her little chapel of S. Martin's, Canterbury, doubtless praying for the conversion of her husband, and, through him, of the whole of Kent. Only those of us who have worked in the mission field can conceive what it must have been to Augustine when he landed in Kent to find a Christian woman and the nucleus of a Christian Church awaiting him. Then follows the conversion of Ethelbert and the conversion of Kent. You may see it commemorated to-day in the metropolitical cathedral at Canterbury, and the cathedral of the metropolis in London, our own S. Paul's, where we men and women are worshipping together to-day.

Or, go up North. It is the same story. Edwin, King of Northumbria, is a pagan. Then a woman, a Christian woman, comes into his life. It is Ethelburga, the Christian daughter of Ethelbert and Bertha. Edwin falls in love with her; proposes to her; is accepted by her—but is wisely told that she will not marry him until he holds the same faith as she holds. And just as there was an Augustine to help and be helped by Bertha, so there was a Paulinus, her chaplain, to help and be helped by Ethelburga, and to convert King

Edwin, as Augustine had converted Ethelbert, and through him the whole of Northumbria. You may see one outward and visible result to-day in the great York Minster, which sprang from the little oratory built on the very spot by Edwin.

And then there were those great Midlands, stretching from the Humber to the Thames, which mean so much to industrial and labour problems to-day. The government of the Mid-Anglians had been entrusted to Pæda, son of Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, and once again it is the story of human love being used for Divine ends. Like Ethelbert and Edwin, Pæda was a pagan; and, like Ethelbert and Edwin, his whole life was changed by his love for a woman, a Christian woman, Alflæda, the Christian daughter of Oswy, the Christian King of Northumbria. And Alflæda sends the same answer to Pæda that Ethelburga had sent to Edwin: "It is not meet for a Christian maiden to marry an idolater"—it was meet for her to convert him first and marry him afterwards rather than to marry him first and convert him afterwards. And she, too, finds a friend in a Christian priest, Bishop Finan from Iona, who so paints the beauty of the Christian Faith to Pæda that he eventually becomes a Christian, and through him the Midlands are for the time being converted to Christianity.

Thus, together, neither Ethelbert without Bertha, neither Edwin without Ethelburga, neither Pæda without Alflæda, "neither the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord," those three men and women became the human instruments of the conversion of England.

II

"In the Lord." But there was something else behind, something without which none of them could have done what they did for God, their country, or each other. There were forces at work, represented by Augustine, Paulinus, and Finan—forces which, in a remarkable letter to the country, the Prime Ministers of the British Empire have rightly called spiritual forces; "those spiritual forces which," they say, "are the one hope of a permanent foundation for the world's peace"; spiritual forces, exercised by those three priests of old and embodied in, and entrusted to, that very same Church of which we are members, and should be prouder members to-day. It was because they were moved by the mighty power of the spiritual that those men and women were able to do in the sixth century what it lies before us to do in the twentieth century. Men and women! will you do for the England of your day what those men and women did for the England of their day? And

will you do it in the same way?—"neither the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." The principle still holds, though its application may vary—the Pauline principle of conjunction.

And see ! It is the principle which underlies all human happiness. It is the principle which underlies all national happiness ; neither the Motherland without the Dominions, neither the Dominions without the Motherland ; neither the Church without the State, neither the State without the Church, whether established or disestablished ; neither capital without labour, neither labour without capital ; neither mental labour without manual labour, neither manual labour without mental labour.

It is the principle which underlies all married happiness ; neither the husband without the wife, neither the wife without the husband—as the unrivalled language of our marriage service puts it, each living for the mutual (notice the word), "the mutual society, help, and comfort which the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity"—man and wife living together in the dual sovereignty of personal self-surrender. It is the principle which underlies all parental happiness ; neither the parent without the child, neither the child without the parent, as even the Blessed Mother associated with herself the foster-father of Jesus in love's long search for

the lost Child—"Thy father and I" together "have sought Thee sorrowing."

And, too, it is the principle which underlies the happiness of all real friendship, and especially that friendship between the sexes which is so much more free and intimate to-day than it was five or six years ago—friendship so perfectly right, so perfectly healthy, so perfectly sound as long as, and only as long as, it is friendship "in the Lord," and all that that means. Men and women! will you use this newly-ordained comradeship to secure the sanctity of friendship? Will you refuse to use your newly-permitted intimacy to smirch the sacred name of friendship, to risk the happiness of a whole future for the pleasure of a passing present? Oh! men and women! Things are not what they ought to be to-day; and you know it. No! but thank God they are not what we mean them to be to-morrow. We are still "in the Lord," and the dear Lord is still following England as she passes Him by, even as the Rock—and that Rock was Christ—followed after Israel in days of old. He is still the sin-bearer of a sin-struck world, still pardoning, still pleading with the men and women of to-day, still crying the old cry from the Cross:—

"Oh! men and women, your deeds of shame;
Your sins without number and reason and name:
I bear them all on the Cross on high,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

And who are they that are passing Him and His interests by to-day? At the moment they are the young. It is the young and middle aged, of both sexes, who are failing England just now; it is the young who are reckless and wild and selfish and extravagant—and it is all so sad just because they are young. It is so splendid to be young—splendid with a splendour which makes failure doubly sad. Where do the young, with their young manhood and young womanhood, stand to-day? It is a dreary outlook if the young fail us. Only, they are not going to.

And the middle aged! I know of no drearier lines than those written by the brilliant Byron on his thirty-third birthday:—

“Through life’s dull road so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing, except thirty-three.”

Who, with all his brilliant gifts, would be a Byron at thirty-three? Who can help contrasting him with One Who, at the same age, died for the world He lived in and for those who killed Him? Which character appeals to us most?

III

And you who are young! God wants you to be happy; He wants your youth and all that belongs to it, and He wants it for England.


He wants your buoyancy; He wants your beauty; He wants your enthusiasm; He wants your merriment; He wants your mind; He wants your body; and, above all, He wants for England all those fresh springs of initiative which belong to the young, and which by the law of nature sparkle less brightly as the freshness of youth passes into middle age, and middle age into old age. He wants them all—but He wants them in conjunction with the old. For, still the principle holds good: neither the young without the old, neither the old without the young—the young to advance, the old to steady; the young to initiate, the old to solidify; the young to adventure, the old to advise. If our time is indeed to be worthy of its title, “Anno Domini”; if it is to take its place in the era that we call the Christian era; if it is to be lived “in the Lord”—it must largely be owing to the stern purpose, the love and the laughter, the inspiring energy, the bright example, of old, middle aged, and young together.

Here, then, is our thought to-day. In spite of anxious problems, and apparently clashing interests between the sexes, it must always be “neither the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man.” “Man=*vir*, woman=*femina*, go to make up *the* man=*homo*. There can be no comparison, no rivalry

between them and they are the complement of each other, and a little child shall lead them." God made them both, and God wants them both—and He wants them both together.

THE VALUE OF THE ANONYMOUS

"Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14.

"HEREFORE he saith." Who saith? Why does he say it? What does he say?

Who saith? Nobody knows. The messenger is lost in the message, the writer in the writing, the composer in the composition. Some think that the quotation comes from one of those *agrapha dogmata* or unrecorded sayings of Christ—such as "Near Me near the sword," or "He who is near Me is near the fire." Others, owing to the rhythmical character of the original, think with greater probability that the Apostle is quoting from an early Christian hymn, heard by him in his lonely lodgings, and handed down the centuries to us, finding perhaps an echo in Bishop Ken's seventeenth century "Awake, my soul," and Mendelssohn's nineteenth century "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling." But who really wrote it, nobody knows. It is anonymous.

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And as such it suggests to us the value of the anonymous—a value in danger of being underestimated by the rightly growing importance of signed writings. For the value of the signed document, the signed article, the signed letter, is to-day almost paramount when anonymity is so largely used to write down or ruin an opponent—a cruel and cowardly and contemptible use of anonymity, demanding the lash if the writer could be discovered. Of course, the signature over which the writing appears is a perfectly legitimate method of attracting the reader's notice to what is written; it is the colour of the flower attracting the insect to its honey. Indeed, so great, sometimes unduly great, is the attraction of certain names, that it is easily possible to give undue weight to the writing owing to our personal, or to "the gallery" estimate, of the writer. Comparatively few anonymous publications succeed. It is not often that an anonymous book creates such a commotion as Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, published anonymously in 1865, or as the unsigned Waverley Novels in 1814, or *The Road Mender* in 1902, or even such a book as *The Mirrors of Downing Street* in 1920. How many of us would rave about some of Browning's poems, such as "Sordello"—so full of meaning to the initiated—if they had been published anonymously? And it is the same with art. How many

average visitors to the National Gallery would value Pieter Brueghel's "Adoration of the Magi" at the moderate £15,000 given for it, without the price-lifting *pinxit* of the great Flemish painter? How many anthems and other compositions would be consigned to the basement of a musical museum if they were the works of anonymous composers? It is, initially, the signature which counts.

But fortunately for us there is another side to all this. For, after all, much of the best work of the world is done anonymously.

And when we remember the enormous proportion of unknown ordinary, average men and women, who are carrying on the work of the world as unsigned work, we are glad to find that they are not wholly forgotten, but that anonymity finds a place, and a very big place, in Holy Scripture.

Who, for instance, wrote the Pentateuch? Nobody knows; it is anonymous. And its anonymity makes no more difference to its contents than the "Homeric question" makes to the description of the Siege of Troy, or the wanderings of Ulysses. It is a matter of interest rather than of inspiration.

Who wrote the Book of Job? Nobody knows. It "belongs to the great class of anonymous masterpieces of which the literatures of all languages contain examples." It is described by Victor Hugo as "the greatest

masterpiece of the human mind"—and yet it is anonymous.

Who wrote many of the "Psalms of David"? Nobody knows. Indeed, the only thing we know about them is that they are not Davidic. Even the twenty-second Psalm, the red rose of all the chaplet, and hallowed for all time by being quoted on the Cross, is anonymous—and perhaps we reverence it all the more for that very reason.

Who wrote the last twelve verses of S. Mark, containing as they do so many basal doctrines of the Catholic Faith? Were they written by the same hand as the rest of the Gospel at a later period, or by another hand before publication? Nobody knows—and even if it should be proved, as a recently discovered Armenian MS. asserts, that they were written by "a disciple of the Lord" named Ariston, how many know or care who Ariston was, or have ever heard his name? They are anonymous, and anonymity does not affect their priceless worth.

Who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews? Was it S. Paul, or Apollos, or Barnabas, or Clement of Rome, or, as Dr. Harnack somewhat dogmatically asserts, a woman—Priscilla? Nobody knows—and we are none the poorer for not knowing.

And it is just the same with some of our greatest and most moving hymns. Who wrote

the *Te Deum*?—the most inspiring of all the non-inspired hymns of the Western Church. Was it Augustine, or Ambrose, or Hilary, or, as seems more probable, Nicetas of Aquileia? Nobody knows—and yet it has taken a greater place in the triumph-services of the Church than any other liturgical hymn. Who wrote the *Veni Creator*? Was it Charles the Great, or Gregory the Great, or Ambrose? Nobody knows. It has taken deep root in the Western Church; it has been sung in mediaeval times to the ringing of bells, with vestments, and incense and lights; ever since the eleventh century it has been used at Ordinations and has played a supreme part in the story of Apostolic Succession—and it is anonymous.

Who wrote the *Adeste fideles*? Was it S. Bonaventura? Who knows? And yet Christmas would scarcely be Christmas without it. Who wrote the *Ave verum*? Again, nobody really knows. It is the Church's own hymn of the Incarnation, or rather of the Incarnate; it is so unspeakably lovely that it can be best thought of in the language of music, and yet, like the *Veni Creator* and the *Adeste fideles*, it has played no mean part in the history of human souls, irrespective of authorship.

And it is the same with this primitive hymn, if hymn it be, quoted by the great lover of

“singing and making melody” in his letter to the Ephesians just when they most needed it. “Wherefore he saith.” Wherefore? Because of the condition of the Ephesian Church; because of the corruption of the Ephesian city; because of the collapse of the Ephesian converts; because Ephesus was sleepy and slothful, dead to all things bright and beautiful, blind to all that was sunny and light-loving—therefore “he”—an anonymous writer—“saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” With all the rapidity of a pavement artist, he paints for them the three panelled word-picture of a sleeping man, a dead man, a blind man, and writes beneath each its own legend: Awake; arise; and see.

I

First there is the sleeping man. Two New Testament scenes interpret the thought for us—one laid in an Eastern gaol, the other in an Eastern garden; one a figure of an awakened world, the other the symbol of an awakened Church.

In an Eastern gaol the keeper of the prison lies fast asleep. The quiet calm of the prison is only broken by the hymns of two devout Churchmen, making their cell their chapel, and singing, as it were, their midnight office.

F

Suddenly there is the rumbling of an earthquake ; the sickly sensation produced by seismic convulsions ; the rocking of the prison ; the clanking of the prisoners' chains and handcuffs ; the awakening of the trembling keeper ; his startled cry, "What must I do to be saved ?"—and then the Apostolic method of dealing with an awakened soul, both subjectively and objectively, by faith and by Sacrament. It is, in a figure, one of God's many ways of rousing the world to a sense of its danger of living "without God in the world." And it is one of those ways which we criticize most sharply to-day, and intellectually base upon it a charge of cruelty against a God of love. God is love, and being love He loved the gaoler too well to leave any method untried to arouse him to a sense of his danger; and God so loves the world, and every soul in the world, that again and again He has even risked His character for being love rather than stop the earthquake-method before it has done its appointed work. As the Consecration Prayer reminds us, He can be so full of "tender mercy" that He can even risk the charge of being a cruel tyrant in giving "His only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross." We do not always know why God chooses this or that method to awaken a sleeping world, but we do know that in some cases, as in this case, the method was successful, and shows

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us God working through shocks as well as through sunshine.

And there is the other scene, picturing a drowsing Church. Three tired men are sleeping on the grass of an Eastern garden, whilst a warning fourth, the Son of Man, gently wakes them out of their danger-sleep. Their sorrow has made them selfish, just when His greater sorrow was craving for their sympathy.

It has been the reproach of Jesus to His Church in every age. For the primary object of the Church is not to get something out of God, but to satisfy the longings of the heart of God. That was why it was called into existence; that is what we, in our self-seeking, even our spiritual self-seeking, have forgotten to-day; that is the sorrow which is still wringing the mournful cry from the Broken Heart, "Why sleepest thou? I need thy sympathy," He seems to say. This is no time to think of self, to stand apart in selfish isolation, to be a Churchman and to act as a detached onlooker cynically indifferent to the reproach from Gethsemane, to be sleepy and sluggish and slothful when His cause is at stake.

And to us to-day, as to the disciples in the Garden, comes the bracing call, "Awake!"—in the original almost like the legendary "Up Guards" of the Great Duke at Waterloo. The call has always come, and has come most

clearly, when the Church seems most nearly going under. Think of the tenth century, that byword of the historians, when wickedness filled high places in the Church, and men and women were so bad that the end of the world was thought to be at hand—and then think of the quiet anonymous work going on (as now) in town and country parishes all the time, of the Church's care for the poor who had no one else to care for them. Think how the awakening came, and a new life dawned throughout Europe, and a burning flame of love to Jesus sprang up in dull and drowsy hearts, expressing itself even outwardly in the marvels of Gothic architecture and the splendour of Christian art. Or, think of the apathy of Churchmen in the thirteenth century, and then think of the glorious "Awake thou that sleepest" of Francis and Dominic. And so of many an historic awakening. Such times of refreshing have ever succeeded the blackest moments in Church life. So it will be again—or rather, so it actually is to-day. Black as the flock may seem, there is, if we may invert the phrase, one white sheep in every fold, "unknown" it may be to men but "well known" to God and to be multiplied, as the loaves were multiplied in the sacred story, and to develop into the multitude that no man can number. While there is life there is hope—and while there is hope there is life.

II

Next, there is the picture of the dead man—lying in some mortuary, not to be thrown away as useless, but, as Browning has reminded us, “waiting to be owned”—a type of the dead soul, waiting to be identified and restored. For there are in England as in Ephesus dead souls as well as sleepy souls—souls dead to all sense of shame, and, worst of all, dead to the shame of not being ashamed ; dead to decency, dead to delicacy, dead to dignity. It is strange to notice how the protest against women serving on juries, and having to listen to evidence of which “it is a shame even to speak,” has entirely failed to touch the root of the matter. Protests have been made in unexpected quarters against their having to listen to such evidence, but scarcely a voice has been raised against the sin which makes the hearing of the evidence necessary. It is this deadness to the sense of sin which is corrupting so many, even boys and girls, and spreading its disease like an infectious corpse. But then there is the ever glowing gleam of hope in the unknown painter’s legend beneath the picture, “Arise from the dead.” And after all, as the Bible tells us, there is nothing more wonderful in God raising a dead soul than in His raising a dead body—nothing more wonderful for a father to see a daughter, dead to her true self, dead to the

"Madonna of womanhood" in every woman, dead to the family honour, dead to her own best interests, dead to her future sufferings, arise and save her soul alive than it was for the father of "Jairus' daughter" to see her arise and walk. There is nothing more wonderful for a mother to see her son, spiritually and morally dead, restored to life and love than it was for the mother at Nain to see her boy physically dead raised to life. There is nothing more wonderful for some sister or brother to see a brother or sister, as dead spiritually as Lazarus was literally, raised from the grave of a lost past than for the sisters of Bethany to see their brother shaking loose the grave clothes, and restored to the sunshine of a new life.

III

Blind as we are, it is not, of course, always easy to see what it all means and how it is all to come about. And so we want our third panel, the picture of a blind man groping his way literally, as we are groping our way intellectually and spiritually, crying for the great gift of perception, and cheered by the never-fading inscription beneath, "Christ shall give thee light." This light of moral perception! That is what the world lacks to-day. It is colour-blind to moral beauty. And yet there is nothing more wonderful in our receiving this

divine gift than in blind Bartimaeus receiving his sight and perceiving the literal beauties of nature. Only, normally perception comes gradually, and not suddenly. The thought in the original is that of the dawn slowly creeping over the hills, and gradually bringing the light and sunshine which are death to all that is dark and dreadful. It is the figure of the morning light which dawns upon us spiritually, it may be at an early Eucharist, or a silent meditation, or in a dozen different ways. O for this gift of moral and spiritual perception! It seems so impossible for us to get it just now when we seem to have got the deluge without either ark or dove—and yet it is as possible to-day as it ever has been, if only like Leonardo da Vinci “we are smitten with the love of the impossible.”

So the old anonymous message is caught up into the current of the centuries, and reaches us to-day. The night, with its chill and its darkness, is far spent, and the day, with its warmth and sunshine, is at hand: let us therefore cast away, as worthless and infectious rags, the works of darkness and all that the sunshine cries shame upon, and let us put on the armour of light, and be, like white-clad Galahads, each a gleam of light to somebody else in this dark world of sin.

THE VALUE OF BEING TALKED ABOUT

"What sayest thou of thyself?"—S. John i. 22.

"Some said, He is a good man : others said, Nay."

S. John vii. 12.

BEING talked about, either by ourselves or by others, has a value, both ethical and spiritual, according to the use that we make of it.

There are, I suppose, two questions of perennial interest to most of us : what a man says about himself, and what others say about him—and although the former is perhaps less interesting, and certainly less breezy, than the latter, it is not without a definite value of its own.

I

First, then : "What sayest thou of thyself?" "It is not a slight thing, gentlemen," says the great French preacher Père Lacordaire, in one of his Notre Dame Conferences—quoting the question put to the Baptist—"it is not a slight thing to force a man to say what he is, or what he believes himself to be : for it lays down the basis upon which all judgement of him is to be

formed." And Lacordaire was right. "What sayest thou of thyself?" It is the first question put to the applicant for office whether for a clerkship in the City or to represent a constituency in Parliament. And it is not a slight thing to force him to say what he is; for the answer lays down the basis on which all judgement of him will be formed—a judgement, of course, to be tried and tested by credentials and testimonials, by what others say about him, later on. It is not a slight thing to put a nation into the witness-box and ask, as men are asking of England to-day: "O Nation! what sayest thou of thyself?" It is not a slight thing to ask a Church, as men are asking of the Church to-day: "O Church! what sayest thou of thyself?" It is not a slight thing to ask a man or a woman, as men and women are being asked to-day: "O man! O woman! what sayest thou of thyself?" For self-declaration involves a correspondence between utterance and action—a correspondence upon which, especially in religious matters, the world is quick enough, and right enough, to pass judgement without mercy.

It was easier, perhaps, to realize it in the early days of Christianity, when self-revelation in spiritual things, such as bearing open witness to one's belief, meant far more than it means to-day. It was this which so ennobled the Master's answer to Pilate's "I adjure Thee by

the living God, tell us whether Thou be the Christ or not." Quickly and calmly, in full view of the correspondence between utterance and action, the answer came: "Thou hast said." What did it involve? Where did it lead? It led to Calvary. It was this which ennobled the *Christianus sum*, "I am a Christian," in the days of Nero, given as it was with the full knowledge that utterance would lead to action, and that the speaker might be selected as a human torch, a martyr in a shirt of fire, to light the way for the Emperor as he drove through a line of living torches in the gardens of his Golden House. And it is this which will ennoble our own answer to the question when it is put to us, as sooner or later it will be, by God and man, "What sayest thou of thyself?"

Ask yourself the question now—as it was asked by two great thinkers of old, Gregory of Nazianzen, that keen Greek Christian theologian, and Seneca, that equally keen Roman non-Christian philosopher. There is a story told of S. Gregory in which he is pictured as sitting under a hedge, and asking himself three great questions: What have I been in the past? What am I now? What shall I be in the future? All three questions are a part of the one great question: "What sayest thou of thyself?" Put it to yourself as Gregory put it, and write down the answer. Or put it as the

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old philosopher tells us he put it to himself in nightly self-examination. "When at night," he says, "the candle is gone out, and all is still and quiet, then do I look back upon and search all the day past by running over all I have thought or said or done. I hide nothing from myself; I overlook and pass by nothing. I say to myself: So and so thou hast done unadvisedly; do so no more. And again I ask myself, What evil have I healed? what vice have I resisted? what passion have I moderated? what lesson have I learnt? what good have I done?" Put it as Seneca put it, and again write out the reply.

And put it to yourselves as thousands of souls to-day are learning to put it in self-examination—the necessary prelude to contrition, confession, and satisfaction—and the answer will be the basis upon which all judgement of you will be formed by God, your neighbour, and yourself. It will, at least, make you think, for "it is not a slight thing, gentlemen, to force a man to say what he is, or believes himself to be," even to himself.

But no one can accurately say very much about himself unless he knows something of what others are saying about him.

II

We have, then, to ask our second question: What do others say about us? And this, too,

is not a slight thing, as many of us know from experience.

Being talked about ! It is inevitable. Even the Christ was talked about. "Some said, He is a good man: others said, Nay." Some said one thing, some another ; but they all had their say. And He, the Christ, placed Himself under the disciplinary law of being talked about—"a sign to be spoken against"—and He never resented it, but used it as a distinct asset in advancing His cause. And this is what we have to do—to capture the fact and use it for Christ. For, as a matter of fact, we all are talked about. We may face the fact cynically or philosophically, good-temperedly or irascibly, but face it as we will the fact remains. A man can no more escape being talked about than he can leap off his own shadow. And rightly used, it is a force to be reckoned with in fighting our enemies, material or spiritual. The nation which is talked about as an honourable nation, the Church which is talked about as a living Church, the man who is talked about as a straight man, the woman who is talked about as a true woman—all these have a weapon in their armoury which is by no means to be despised.

And there are three ways in which we may deal with the inevitable. We may overestimate it ; we may underestimate it ; we may rightly estimate it.

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We may overestimate it. Back we look, perhaps, and recall the time when first we realized that we were talked about. Small and of no reputation as we were, our actions were—as they are now—judged and misjudged, our words quoted and misquoted, our motives construed and misconstrued. Or, we saw our names in print, praised or blamed by some unknown critic for what we had said or not said, done or not done, almost thought or not thought, either on no evidence at all or on the flimsiest evidence possible, and it made us wince and wonder, until we learnt to appraise such anonymous criticism not as valueless but at its true value. Or, we went into society and found that a double meaning was put upon our words and deeds, our friendships and our conduct, and we were stung and cut and hurt, and said we didn't care when all the time we did care, and we were tempted to overestimate the value of being talked about, and to let it, or the fear of it, unduly affect our attitude towards right or wrong. Few of us, I suppose, are absolutely unaffected in feeling or in conduct by public criticism, especially if the criticism is hostile and, as we think, unjust. Jesus must have felt it with all the delicacy of His exquisitely sensitive nature when He was talked of as a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, as a devil and mad. No one would accuse Lord Kitchener of being unduly sensitive to criticism ;

and yet one who was his close intimate writes "Lord Kitchener did certainly feel—although he never allowed himself to resent—the things circulated about him. He always felt that in time—though, perhaps, not in his time—public judgement would amply vindicate his actions which were based on the furthest forecast." But right or wrong—the pulpit is not the place to discuss the question—he, like Lord Roberts, and like many a misjudged man and woman, never so much overestimated the value of what was said about him as to let it influence what he considered to be his duty to his King and country.

We, too, in our smaller way may find ourselves in positions when it is important for us not to overestimate the value of being talked about: when "they say, let them say" is the best answer to our critics.

And in taking this line we are in good company—that of the Master Himself. "And when He was accused by the Chief Priests and Elders," with a self-imposed muteness "He answered nothing." "Then said Pilate unto Him: Hearest Thou not how many things they witness against Thee? And He answered him never a word." There did come a time in the Master's life when it could be truly said both of and to Him: "Master, we know that Thou art true, and carest for no man." And there are times when caring for no man,

when ignoring criticism and refusing to overestimate its value is the only way to deal with what others say about us. Happy are we if we can do it.

But it is quite as possible to underestimate the value of being talked about. "What the world says" may be, and sometimes is, a very useful deterrent in staying sin. The world's opinion is sometimes worth having—for there are some sins which the world even now condemns, and some sinners whom the world still excommunicates, and to whom it still refuses social absolution. What the world says has, of course, its poisonous side—often resulting in broken friendships, in ruined reputations, in venomous vendettas, in the lies which cut like a sharp razor, in the poison-bag under the tongue which, like adder's poison, is death to the character it infects. But, in spite of all, we may, if we will, turn what the world says to good account, and may find it worth our while not to underestimate its verdict. We all remember how large a part the foolishness of ignoring what others said played in the downfall of Marie Antoinette and through her of the French Monarchy. Never could she, or never would she, realize that even her lightest words and most innocent actions ran from one end of France, and indeed of Europe, to the other, and were judged by public opinion, often cruelly enough, in the light which she herself had

thoughtlessly flashed upon them. But so it was ; and not until it was too late did she realize that it had helped to lose her a crown and to ruin the cause of the monarchy.

It is quite possible that we, too, may damage our creed and cause by underestimating as well as overestimating the influence of being talked about. The thought is at all events worth working out.

But there is a third way in which we may deal with the inevitable : we may accept the fact, and turn it to good account.

And this is what our Lord did, using it as a means for spreading the good news which He came to bring. Twice at least He alludes to it. Once when He asks directly what people are saying about Him : "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?"—and uses the answer to confer upon S. Peter the beatitude of witness. And again, when He permits Himself to be discussed by others—when "some said He is a good man, and others said, Nay," He has got something up His sleeve ; He is aiming at something ; He is trying to take us in (just as they so often say of us when we simply desire to spend and be spent for others)—"nay: He deceiveth the people"—the people for whom He became incarnate ; the people for whose salvation He came down from heaven ; the people for whom He shed the Precious Blood ; the people

for whom He was to be crucified, dead, and buried; the people for whom He would prepare a home in the crucible of His own sacred Heart. "Some said." "Others said." Which were right? The verdict of history has answered the question. To-day, when He is still talked about, we know that it is the first of these two verdicts which has stood the test of time. Even sad souls who reject Him as the God-Man accept Him, illogically enough, as the good Man. And who can rightly estimate the influence which this single fact—His being talked of for twenty centuries as a good Man—has had upon the world? For, after all, it is goodness—not our mawkish idea of goodness, but the goodness of the Good Shepherd—which in the long run tells. It is the good man, or the good woman; it is the good lawyer, the good doctor, the good nurse, the good priest, the good officer, the good teacher, the good business-man, the good parent, the good son or daughter, who, in the long run, do most for their Christ and their country.

It is, then, a high and legitimate aim to be known and talked of as good. It is a legitimate ambition to wish to contribute our quota to the Faith by being spoken of as among those who, with many an imperfection, are talked of as true and straight and pure, who are instinctively thought of as men and women whose

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profession and practice agree, whose utterances and action correspond.

Was it not one of the joys of the Blessed Mother to know that all generations should call her blessed; that she would be talked about as a woman, as *The Woman*, who would go down to posterity, by word and by writing, by chisel and pen and paintbrush, as a blessing to her own and all future generations? Could any woman have a higher ideal? Was it not one of the joys of the woman with the perfume box that when, with a woman's instinct, she divined the correspondence between utterance and action, and foresaw the Master's death, as not even the disciples foresaw it, she anointed Him aforehand for His burial and learned that she would be spoken of, talked about, wheresoever in the whole world the Gospel would be preached, as the woman who had done it for His honour and glory?

Being talked about! There is a story told of S. Francis d'Assisi which relates how he said to one of his novices: "My son, let us go forth and preach." Out of the monastery gates they went, down one street and up another, all through the city, and so back to the monastery doors without either of them uttering a word. "My father," said the novice, "when are we going to preach?" "We have been preaching all the time, my son," was the saint's reply; "we have been seen, and talked about."

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In our work for Christ we cannot all talk, but we can—we must—all be talked about. May we be so talked about as to help and not hinder the cause of our Christ and our country.

“ALSO THE HOLY GHOST THE COMFORTER”

“*Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.*”

“*Te Deum Laudamus,*” v. 13.



HERE is an old legend which says that the *Te Deum* was composed on the spur of the moment, and sung antiphonally by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and Augustine, the future Bishop of Hippo, at the baptism of the latter by the former. It is, I am afraid, only a legend; for the tradition on which the story is based has been proved to be a forgery, and the author of the historic hymn of the Western Church remains unknown. And yet, somehow or other, we cling to the old story, and are loath to give it up—partly, perhaps, because we like to associate our morning hymn with a name which, in the Ambrosian Chants, has been given to the earliest Church music of which we have any known account, and partly because it is so human, so living, so vivid, and pretty.

We can picture the imaginary scene. Two men are leaving the baptistery in the old

Church of S. John, Milan—Ambrose and Augustine; Augustine is wearing the white robe in which he has just been clothed for his baptism. Up the church they proceed, and together stand before the high altar. Suddenly Ambrose bursts forth into "a hymn to Christ as God," in bright thanksgiving for the soul which has just been won to Jesus. "*Te deum laudamus*," he sings: "We praise Thee as"—rather than "O"—"God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;" it is all Thy doing: *non nobis Domine, non nobis Domine!* And then, quick as echo follows sound, Augustine, as though in a rapture of worship, and seeing the future as already present, responds, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." And so they sing, like two minstrels of old inspired with the divine romance, hymning Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; each, as it were, capping the other in some fresh beauty-thought, and expressing it in the alternate strophes so familiar to the Church to-day.

It is a pretty story, but, like many another story, it cannot bear the searchlight of history, and we must give it up.

But we may turn in thought to another picture—this time within the realm of truth. It is the picture of an upper room in the house of a disciple in the days of the early Christian Church. In it a little band of men, women, and children are gathered together for worship

in the enemy's country, with a sentinel at the door ready to warn them of the approach of a hostile Emperor's pagan troopers. Listen! They are singing—singing a hymn to Christ as God, singing this very *Te Deum* which we sing every day in this cathedral, except in the penitential seasons of the Church's year. And as we listen, we naturally pause on Whitsun Day—on the Feast of the Holy Ghost—as they come to the words, “Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter,” words which mean so much to us, and are just what we want at the moment.

Each year, of course, calls for some special gift of the Holy Ghost, and every year calls for the gift of comfort. That is what we want to-day—comfort; just a little bit of real, warm, motherly comfort—the comfort of the maternal love of God which the love of the Holy Ghost corresponds to.

Think, then, of the Holy Ghost as the Comforter, acting upon us, in two spheres of being: in the life that now is and in that which is to come: here and hereafter.

I

First here—confining our line of thought to the liturgical and sacramental use of the word.

As Whitsun Day, the first birthday of the Christian Church, and the baptismal birthday

of her early converts, reminds us, the Comforter's work begins at the very outset of an infant's life. Some of us may have read in our Prayer Books the service for the "Private Baptism of Children in houses," and have noticed the public certificate to be read by the priest at the reception of the child in church, certifying that it has been duly baptized, i.e. with right matter, water, and words, in the name of the Blessed Trinity. If so, we may have wondered at the introduction of the word "comfort," or strengthening, in such an official declaration—"as the Gospel doth witness to our comfort." But think! Is not comfort just the very thing which the best parents need at such a moment?—in spite of the joy that a man is born into the world.

For it must be a tremendous responsibility to bring a little one into this world of sin, knowing that it has behind it an ancestry as mixed and varied as the genealogies in S. Matthew and S. Luke, and is, perhaps, unconsciously about to reproduce not only parental virtues (which it does) but parental vices also—a child "born in sin," and into sinful surroundings. Is there no antidote, no comfort, at such a thought, at such a moment? If not, God would not be love. But there is. It is Baptism. If there is a first birth, "a birth unto sin," there is a second birth, "a new birth unto righteousness." So you don't wait until

your little one is grown up—that would be cruelly unfair—but at once, within the first or second week after birth, as the rubric directs, you act upon your Creed, and believing in one Baptism for the remission of sins, you bring that little one to church, and in the bright waters of Baptism cleanse it in the Font or Fountain that is open for all uncleanness, original or actual.

Here is comfort ; for here, as the certifying words in the Prayer Book proclaim, the child who is “born in original sin is now, by the laver of Regeneration in Baptism, received into the number of the children of God ; for” —and they are wonderfully beautiful words—“our Lord Jesus Christ doth not deny His grace and mercy unto such infants, but most lovingly doth call them, *as the Holy Gospel doth witness to our comfort*”—words well worth remembering and full of Church teaching.

And if you ask how a little water into which the child is dipped, or which is poured upon its forehead, can bring all this about? the answer is, It cannot. By itself, the water can of course do nothing of the kind. But there is something more: there is a great “also”: “also the Holy Ghost.” The Holy Ghost can and does make use of the water as an agent, can and does sanctify it to the mystical washing away of sin, can and does effect in the child that is “born of water *and* of the

Holy Ghost" that which water alone cannot, and the Holy Ghost without the water will not effect.

Again, there is this same aspect of "comfort" in another Sacrament—which our Prayer Book calls "the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ"; the Sacrament which, as it says, we feed upon "to our own great and endless comfort." But how can mere bread and wine effect this? It cannot. Is the feeding on a little piece of bread and drinking a little drop of wine with an act of faith dependent on the mental, physical, or spiritual conditions of the moment a sufficient explanation of the mysterious Sacrament? That would be cold comfort indeed. You know it is more than this. You felt it in some sorrow when you made your Communion; you still feel the comfort of that Communion; you are glad you came. Why? What did you get? You know it was something more than mere bread and wine that you fed upon: your Prayer Book tells you so; it was, says the first of the three long exhortations, nothing less than "the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ." And so it will be to your endless comfort that you received It. But how did it all come about? It was the work of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost took that bread and wine and used them as His agents, making them

what they were not, without ceasing to be what they were. It was not the work either of man or of matter, or of both combined, but "also of the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

And the Prayer Book emphasizes one point in this "comforting" aspect of the Blessed Sacrament very strongly. If, it says, any one "requires further *comfort* and counsel" before communicating he is to seek out some "discreet and learned minister"—discreet at keeping counsel and learned in giving counsel—"that he may receive the benefit of Absolution"—the gift, not merely of any mere minister of the Sacraments, however discreet and learned, but of the Holy Ghost through his ministry.

And here we find one meaning of the Ember week, upon which we are entering. If you come to an Ordination of candidates for the Ministry you will hear the bishop say to each one that he ordains to the priesthood: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands." Then follow the words of the Commission: "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." Does this mean that a mere man can forgive sins that have not even been committed against himself? You know it means nothing of the kind.

You know that such teaching would be blasphemous. Is it, then, an empty phrase, to be said by the ordaining bishop in too low a voice to be heard, or to be drowned by the noise of the organ, and never alluded to again? Not if we are honest. What it does mean is that God can and does use men, as He uses matter, as His agents—as He uses water in Baptism, or bread and wine in the Eucharist, though in each case in a different way—and can and does convey through them pardon through the Precious Blood to the penitent sinner, together with the comfort of certainty. This is "the benefit of Absolution." "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest." Surely it must mean something more than the "office and work" of being a good chairman at a meeting—though that it does mean; surely it means something more than being good at clubs and games and useful in society—though that, too, it may mean. It means commissioning men to be and to do what others are not commissioned to be or to do—men who are set apart as agents of the Holy Ghost, for, among other things, the sacramental comforting of souls, not by their own power or holiness, but as channels of the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

And there is one, I will not say false (for I do not know enough about it) but doubtful, kind of comfort that is sometimes preached,

as it was in the Crusades, often to the hurt and hindrance of many a soul who should be honestly and straightforwardly preparing for a *bona mors*, a good death, before going to the Front. It is the teaching that if and because a soldier dies fighting for his country, he will, irrespective of his motive in fighting, irrespective of his previous life, irrespective of the ruin he may have wrought in other souls, but simply and solely because he dies fighting, "go straight to heaven," whatever these words may mean. Is it true?

"The blood that is shed in the cause of the right
Has power as of old to wash souls white."

But has it? Has any blood but the Precious Blood that cleansing power? It may be so; it may not be so. Who knows? Who dares dogmatize? All we do know, and know to our endless comfort, is that God is Love. And so far as we can interpret that love, there will be an after-life in which that love will discipline and purge the soul that has died in grace according to the needs and for progress of each.

And His work does not end on earth. It is in the after-life that the Holy Ghost continues His activity in the work of comforting. "Now *here* (as the R. V. rightly translates it) Lazarus is comforted," has entered into the fuller joy of the Paraclete. "Now *here*," in this new land of contrasts and compensations, "Lazarus

is comforted" — physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Physically ! After all the sufferings of some weird railway accident at home ; after the physical discomforts and agonies ; after the long lingering illness in bed, or going about one's work, the body is no longer the instrument of suffering, the physical pain is gone. How comforting it is ! Mentally ! "Lazarus is comforted." Think of the pain of knowledge ; the pain of knowing what one might have been and what one has been ; of the lost chances in the past ; of the harm one has done, and the good one might have done ; of one's religious selfishness, and the hindrance one has been to others ; and so on. Ah ! at such a moment thank God for the Holy Ghost the Comforter, as with the "finger of God" He beckons the awakened soul to the "cleansing fires" of disciplinary Love, and with the "finger of God" points the soiled soul to "those dear tokens of His Passion," the Saviour's Wounded Side and Sacred Heart. Spiritually ! "Lazarus is comforted." He is safe now, and knows that he is safe—on earth saved, but not safe : after earth saved and safe : in heaven (with resurrection body) "safe and sound." "Lazarus is comforted," and it is with the comfort of certainty. And so we might wander on in thought.

Here and hereafter, for the life that now is

and for that which is to come, Pentecost brings us from the Comforter its message of comfort. And as we "rejoice in His holy comfort" we sing with freshened voices, not only of the dignity of "the Father of an Infinite Majesty," not only of the example of the honourable, true, and only Son, but of the comfort of that same God Who loves to reveal Himself to us as "also the Holy Ghost the Comforter."



BUYING AND SELLING

"Buy the truth, and sell it not."—Prov. xxiii. 23.

BUY the truth, and you will never make a better investment.

And yet! Buying and selling! How secular the words sound! Are they not more suitable for the counter than the church, for the shop than the sanctuary? Are they not more appropriate for the press than the pulpit, more at home in Mark (or Market) Lane, or Lombard Street, the Guildhall, or the Stock Exchange than in S. Paul's Cathedral? In using them here, are we not mixing up two totally different things, faith and finance, truth and business—and is it not almost an accepted axiom in financial circles: "never mix your business and your religion"? In a word, are we not confusing the City of London with the City of God, and substituting the secular letters £ s. d. for the sacred monogram IHS?

If so, it is a bad day for both business and religion. For a very large majority of men and women spend, and must spend, much of their lives in buying and selling; and it is only when

each coin is, as it were, mystically stamped with the Sacred Initials, when each note bears upon it the Image of the Great King, that we can hope to make a right use of our money. And this is specially true just now, when, on the one hand profiteers and monarchs of finance are floating in wealth, and, on the other hand, thousands are going under for want of a few pounds—when the average man or woman with a fixed income is hit by income tax at one end and unpayable prices on the other, and through no obvious fault is on the edge of ruin.

No three letters in the alphabet carry more weight in the councils of the nations and the households of the country to-day than £ s. d., the *librae*, *solidi*, *denarii*, which stand for the pounds, shillings, and pence of our English coinage. Never before—not even in the great Hundred Days when Napoleon escaped from Elba and landed at Cannes, and Louis XVIII fled from Paris, and thousands of business men in England were ruined ; not even in the South Sea Bubble, when fortunes were made and lost with all the rapidity of a gambler's fling at Monte Carlo—has the power of the purse played such a part in European politics as it is playing to-day.

And it is because of their supreme importance that we cannot, as Christians, separate our faith and finance, or keep our cash and our creed in separate compartments ; we cannot divorce

our trust in Almighty God and our trust in the so-called "almighty dollar." We can no more separate our religion and our business, and say, "This is religion and this is business," than we can separate the Divinity and Humanity of our Lord, and say of His work in the carpenter's shop and His life in the Temple: "This is human and this is divine." We can no more separate the material and the spiritual than we can separate the water and the Spirit in Holy Baptism, or the Bread and Wine and the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, or the action of the oil and the efficacy of prayer in the anointing of the sick ordered by S. James.

And we find, as we should expect to find, that the New Testament is full of the action and reaction of money and religion upon one another. The rich man who was too rich to give anything to the poor man at his gate; the rich fool who had more than he knew what to do with, and in selfish colloquy bid himself take his ease; the rich steward who feathered his nest with his master's property; the poor widow with the two mites, and the poor Samaritan with the two pence; Judas, who "had the bag" and betrayed his Friend; the soldiers who received "large money" for their stupid and useless lie about the empty tomb; the money-changers, so vividly painted for us by Rembrandt; the birdsellers and their

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sparrows in the market-place; the crushing rebuke to Simon the Sorcerer, who thought that the gift of God which could only be bought without money and without price could be purchased with money—all are specimens of the effect of money upon character and character upon money.

And inscriptions and legends on ancient coins, coins dating from the early days of Christianity, tell the same tale. From the days of Constantine we find sacred emblems on secular coins—now Christ with the Cross, and now Christ with the nimbus; now a cross with the globe, and now the Alpha and Omega; now the Virgin with the nimbus, and now the Virgin without it; now the Madonna and Child, and now the legend “Mother of God”; now the portraits of the Apostles and saints, and now the pictures of cherubim and seraphim. They are all stamped, as it were, with the IHS, and help to emphasize the oneness of the sacred and the secular, and to remind us that among the things for which we shall have to give an account at the Day of Judgement will be our money and the use to which we have put every penny which has passed into and out of our possession. If only we could remember it, there would be many fewer sins in the streets and in the shops and in the houses of our towns and villages, and perhaps even in the churches.

Buying and selling, then, even in a material sense, are fit subjects for the Church.

But there is, of course, a higher sense in which the words may be used. We may speak, for instance, of riches as the Chancellor of the Exchequer lately spoke of them, when he told us that "no accumulation of debt outweighs our real riches, tested and refined by the fire of war"—an echo of the sense in which our Lord Himself used the words when He captured the thought of money, and borrowed from it His warning about "true riches." And it is in this sense that we think of the words, and apply them to buying the truth.

I

Buy the truth. This is just what God is letting so many of us do to-day—buying, at great intellectual and spiritual cost, the truth about Himself, and His dealings with us and ours. For events are either driving us to God or driving us from God. If the latter, we are selling the one hope for poor shattered humanity; if the former, we are buying an experience which at least partially explains the otherwise inexplicable. To human eyes, indeed, it seems a strange risk that God is taking, and yet with all His omniscience, or rather because of His omniscience, He takes it. So almighty is His love, so absolutely clear the end He has in view, so divinely does

He trust us, that He allows us to doubt Him, permits us to deride Him, to sneer at His omnipotence, to gibe at His wisdom : and He endures it all if by any means He may win us to Himself—just as Jesus endured the denial of S. Peter that he, Peter, might buy the truth about his Master and be shaped for his destined future. And God is putting up with us, too, to-day, and letting us in the sharp ordeal of experience buy the truth about Him.

About His omnipotence, for instance ! We have seen how men and women have unduly focussed their attention on this one single attribute of God to the exclusion of all others, making God to be a God of a single attribute, and forgetting that the attributes of a perfect Being must be perfectly balanced, in a perfect whole—that His omnipotence is conditioned by His omniscience, His love by His wisdom, His justice by His mercy. God is always, and at the same time, the sum total of all His attributes : never of one without the other. Slowly, and at great cost, some of us are buying this truth about Him, and no longer limit His omnipotence to almighty power exclusive of almighty knowledge and almighty love—and this is why we are beginning to trust Him again. We have bought a fresh truth about Him, and it has been worth the cost.

Or, we have bought, at a great sum, a new truth about the life after death. It meant so

little to us once, perhaps. We read about it, toyed and played with it in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, or the *Contemporary*, or some other magazine ; listened to it listlessly in some half-serious, half-silly discussion ; heard about it in sermons which bored rather than interested us, and it never really got home. Then we were hit, hard hit, hit permanently, and the light and the truth broke upon us, and we sang our "Hail, gladdening light !" We cannot exactly say how the light came ; we cannot exactly give our reasons for our belief ; but there it is ; we need no dark and tricky séances to convince us ; we know that whereas we were blind, we now see—and that is all. We have bought the truth at—ah ! who knows at what a cost, and we would not sell it for even more than it cost. First, then, Buy the truth.

II

Then, Sell it not ; for it is not ours to sell. It has, we know, been sold at different times by different men, men who are held up to the contempt of history—men such as Henry IV of France, who sold his faith and bought Paris with the proceeds ; or Pendleton, Vicar of Bray, who was Papist and Protestant in turns when Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, or Elizabeth was on the throne.

"Sell it not." Don't sell it, but share it—this is our standing order in matters of faith.

It suggests, perhaps, the attitude of the Church towards the problem of reunion with those who have left the Church and are living external to its motherhood to-day—a problem forced upon us, if not daily, certainly weekly, by letters and speeches.

For it is our great longing to share with those who dissent from us the truth which has been committed to our care—not to be sold, but shared. As each section has drifted away—often in order to find, or to emphasize, 'some part of the truth which has been neglected by the Church—it has itself, by the very fact of its separation, lost some other truth which belongs to the Church from which it has separated. And, with no shadow of wish to claim any private or personal superiority, we long to share it with them once again.

There is the Unitarian, for instance; and to him we would say: We hold all that you hold about the Fatherhood of God, but we hold a great deal more; we have something which you have not, the priceless possession of belief in the divinity of God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. We cannot sell this belief; you would not respect us if we did; but we long, not to sell it, but to share it—and in sharing it to become once again united in the ancient Faith.

Or there is the Baptist; and to him we would say: We hold all that you hold as to the necessity of Baptism, of adult Baptism, and the beauty

of Baptism by immersion ; but we have something which you have lost—the Baptism of infants, and, for climatic reasons, of Baptism by affusion as well as by immersion, and we cannot sell our priceless gift, the free gift of free grace for the children, not even for the sake of the only less priceless gift of unity. No ! we cannot sell it, but we long to share it, and it is in the sharing of it that we hope for our future reunion.

Or there is the Presbyterian ; and to him we would say : We hold all that you hold about the necessity of having presbyters in the Church ; but we have a treasure which you have let slip, and which we long to share with you—the old threefold ministry of a succession of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with episcopacy as the *esse*, and episcopal government as the *bene esse*, of the Catholic Church. We cannot sell it. No ! but we long to share it with you—and some day we hope to.

Or there is the Congregationalist ; and to him we would say : We hold all that you hold about the freedom of the individual, and something of what you hold about the freedom of the congregation ; but we have something which we think you have lost, external authority—and we long to share it with you ; for freedom unchecked by authority will develop into anarchy, just as authority unchecked by freedom will stiffen into tyranny.

Or there is the Wesleyan ; and to him we would say : We hold all that you hold, for instance, about the need of evangelical preaching ; only we do not put preaching in quite such a prominent place as you do ; we believe in it as a great power of God the Holy Ghost, but we place it far away after the Sacraments—Sacraments duly celebrated by a duly ordained ministry. You do not ask us, as we know, to sell this our belief ; but we do ask you, as you know, to share it with us—and it is in sharing, not in selling, that we shall some day come together.

Or there is the Quaker—the Quaker whom we all respect and admire, who earned his very name from the fearlessness with which his founder, George Fox, made even his judges quake at the hearing of the Word—the Quaker who for nearly 300 years has been such a moral power in England and America. And to him we would say : We hold all that you hold about the Holy Spirit, the Word of God, the need of silence, the teaching of the mystical side of Christianity ; but we have something in addition to all this, something which you have lost—God's Sacraments, gifts of outward beauty, aestheticism, music, painting, art of all kinds pressed into the service of the sanctuary. We long to share them all with you, and, it is not in selling but in sharing, that we shall be one with you in the Lord.

And so we might go on. We shall see it all

some day—and the day will come. Only, we repeat, it will never come by selling any one single item of the truth entrusted to us, but by sharing in them all with all.

And the mere enumeration of so many who have left us in the past must sound a warning note in our ears, lest we lose others to-day, and lose them from failing to satisfy their legitimate aspirations out of the Church's treasury. For, whenever the Church has failed to use, and use to the full, the gifts entrusted to her, whenever she has allowed any one item to slip out of the syllabus of her teaching, some external body has arisen to supply the want—and, alas, to supply it, often enough, with sadly unbalanced and unedifying methods. There are not wanting indications of such happenings to-day.

Buying and selling! They have something to tell us to-day in our anxieties over faith and finance, in church as well as out of church, in things spiritual as well as things material. And so we end as we began :

Buy the truth and sell it not—and you will never make a better investment.

A FRENCH CRUCIFIX

"Jesus rejoiced in spirit."—S. Luke x. 21.

"Now is My soul troubled."—S. John xii. 27.



HERE is in a certain town in France—or there was before the war—a curiously wrought crucifix, giving the spectator two totally different impressions when seen from different angles of vision. Seen from one point of view, our Saviour's face is full of beauty, "fairer than the children of men" and "altogether lovely"; seen from another point of view, it is full of cruel disfigurements and "marred more than any man's." From one standpoint it is happy, calm, and peaceful, looking up to His Father and saying, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit"; from another standpoint it wears a look of anguish, as though He is crying the cry of the derelict, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Stand here and you will see the face of Jesus as one "rejoicing in spirit"; stand there and you will see the very same face as the index of a soul in trouble: "Now is My soul troubled." One

view will remind you of the Paradiso, the other of the Purgatorio ; one of the Good Shepherd saving the sheep, the other of the Lamb caught in the thicket of the Cross on Calvary. As you see Him, the God-man, in one aspect, you will say, "Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty"; as you see Him, the God-man, in the other aspect, you will say, "A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And you will be right in both cases. They are but different views of the same Christ—one rejoicing in spirit, the other troubled in soul, each to be reproduced in Christianity and the Christian.

And you will see the same two aspects in the Bible. The same Bible contains the Song of Songs, the inspired Love-song of the Catholic Church, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah ; the same Psalter contains the *Jubilate Deo*, "O be joyful in the Lord," and the *Super flumina*, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept"; the same Sermon on the Mount records the eight Beatitudes and the eight Woes ; the same Revelation contains the story of the New Jerusalem and the bottomless pit. Looked at from one point of view the Bible is the Book of joy and beauty, it is the proclamation of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men"; looked at from another point of view, it is full of plagues and thunders, and wars and rumours of wars ; it is the story of Him Who said, "I came not to

send peace but a sword." Now it rejoices in spirit ; now it reads like a soul in trouble. As in the case of the crucifix, all depends upon the angle of vision from which it is viewed—but it is the same Book which contains both sides of the one vision. Obscure one view, and the Book is incomplete ; blot out the other view, and it is misleading.

And we want to see both views of the one face very clearly just now—whether in the face of Christ, or of Christianity or the Christian ; otherwise we shall become one-sided—and when that side is the soul-troubled side, we shall be likely to lose our faith ; and, as we well know, losing faith is the first step towards losing heart. There is always an opposite side of the face to look upon.

Thus, in the midst of all our troubles, black and ugly as they are, we may, we must, steadily look on the beauty side. There is so much that is dark and black that we risk losing our balance if we look exclusively upon the ugly.

And after all, the love of the beautiful is born in us, and belongs to us. There is something of the artist in every one—in the savage who paints his body in colours which to him at least are beautiful as well as in the most highly cultivated colourist, Turner, we will say, who tries to reproduce on canvas the unproduceable sunsets seen from the Thanet cliffs.

We require our novelists to give their novels a happy ending—and we are right, however illogical and untrue to facts as we see them at the moment our demands may be. Do not nearly all, if not all, the books of the Bible end happily? the one possible exception, the Lamentations, being an earth-bound song, and putting the Bible in touch with hundreds whose earthly (please God only their earthly) lives do end in sadness. And as a general rule it is much better, much healthier, to look on the beautiful rather than the ugly, the celestial rather than the terrestrial side of the same thing—never forgetting the danger of shutting our eyes to the other side and so becoming unbalanced.

For the beautiful is but one side of the double vision: it shows the spectator one view only of the face in the crucifix. Thank God there is another view, a side which belongs to the very same face of the very same Christ—a side which mere aesthetic lovers of the lovely, which mere surface Christians, which the utterly careless and reckless need sometimes to have forced upon them. For there are, and God means that there should be, ugly as well as beautiful reaches in the river of life—as there are on Thames and Tiber, on Rhine and Rhone. There are times both in national and private life, both in Church and State, when we *need* for the formation of our character and

the welfare of our souls to face the sterner side
of life so widely shirked to-day.

“Sea and sunshine,
Care is moonshine :
All our hearts are light with laughter.
We are free
As sun and sea,
What care we for what comes after !

Gaily sporting,
Pleasure courting,
Nought we know of care or sorrow ;
We are free
As sun and sea,
What care we what comes to-morrow !”

And we need the shock of circumstances to remind us that God loves us too well not to make us care, even doing violence to His love by forcing us to face facts. “Thou thoughtest wickedly that I am such an one as thyself, but I will reprove thee and set before thee the things that thou hast done.” This is where a big love comes in where a lesser love would spare us : it will set before us the things that we have done. What could be more haunting, what could be more remedial ?

And as we think of suffering, both head and heart will ask, Where does God come in ? Can we see God in this side, this suffering side of the one vision in the face of the Figure, in the great French crucifix ? Only if God Himself has suffered as we have : only if we believe in the Incarnation. See God in the face of Christ, and all becomes clear ; see Him in the face of

Christianity and the Christian, and belief becomes more than possible: it becomes a passion.

I

Can I, then, see the "troubled" side of life, personal or public, in the face of God in Christ? If the answer is "No," He is out of touch with the lives of thousands of men and women to-day. But, as we know, the answer is "Yes." At the Incarnation, God came into touch with sad and sorrowing humanity. He too—God—wills to suffer under Pontius Pilate, to be crucified, dead, and buried; to be despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And we feel there is a fitness in the implied affirmative to His own great question: "Ought not the Christ to have suffered these things?" Yes, He ought, we instinctively cry, for that is the Christian explanation, and the only explanation, of our sufferings.

Look again at the French crucifix, and you will see both views of God in Christ. From one point of view He is drawing all men to Himself, so winning, so captivating, so attractive; from another point of view, He is drawing them as despised and rejected of men, "like a dead man out of mind," brushed aside, overlooked, and forgotten. From one standpoint He is looking as placid and peaceful as in the simple carving of an

Ober-Ammergau crucifix ; from another standpoint—ah ! that is a very different story : the story of the dereliction and denudation : of the binding and the blinding and the buffeting : of soldiers' gauntlet, scourge, and spear—of

“Thorns and cross and nails and lance,
Wounds our treasure that enhance.”

Our treasure ! No wonder that the Church has stored up the sacred relics of His Passion, and in an excess of love has at times even outrun proof and evidence of their existence ; no wonder Christian art has loved to reproduce the emblems of the Passion on walls and in pictures in her churches : it is all to remind us that nothing that God Himself went through is outside His plan for His children ; nothing that Christ endured is outside either Christianity or the Christian life.

II

And if Christianity is, as it must be, the reproduction of the life of Christ (else it is a spurious Christianity, a Christianity based on “forged decretals”), it, too, must expect to rejoice as Christ rejoiced, and to be troubled as Christ was troubled. For Christianity is not, as we are so often told, a set of rules ; nor is it merely a set of principles—though that it is. Christianity is the reproduction of the life of Christ. This is the real test. Look at Christ and look at Christianity and then ask, Do the

colours match? If they do, we shall expect to find the same two-sided vision as we saw in the face of Christ.

And we find it. Looked at from one angle of vision it, too, is winning, drawing, attractive; there is nothing, literally nothing, like it. Looked at from another point of view, it is despised and rejected; it, too, is like "a dead man out of mind." The colours do match. And it is just because the colours match that I can believe in it as I do. If they did not match, I should lose my faith in it. And so with the Church, which is, or should be, the presentment of Christianity to the world. I see in her something far finer than the offer of a mere May Day Christianity, though that side of her, thank God, is to be seen. Like her Head, if the colours are to match, she must be crucified, dead, and buried, as well as popular and attractive. There must be the twofold vision in the face of Christianity as in the face of Christ—and the reasons so often given for rejecting her are the very reasons which should appeal to us for accepting her.

III

And as with Christ and Christianity, so with the Christian. He, too, must reproduce the life of Christ—and reproduce it in both aspects—or he will be a spurious Christian, a sham Churchman. And once again we ask, and ask

it of ourselves as illustrations, Do the colours match? This is the supreme test. If so, as in the French crucifix, we shall manifest the two-sided face of the *Christus* in our own lives. We shall be seen—we should, at least, be seen—as those who make their religion bright and winning and attractive; we shall not go about grim and gloomy; rather we shall go about making sad souls jealous of a secret of joy which we possess and they lack, as those of whom it will be said, as it was said of Jesus, they are “rejoicing in spirit.”

But we shall not shrink from the other side, the trouble-side, of the Christ life, or lose heart when called upon to manifest it to the world. Looked at from one point of view the Christian will be seen rejoicing in spirit and his joy will be infectious: looked at from another point of view, he will manifest the soul-troubled side of the life of Jesus. Again and again he will find the legend on the scroll of his daily life “And now is my soul troubled,” and he will know that it all comes inside the second clause of his creed—the warm, loving picture which describes in the Articles of the Faith the life of Jesus Christ.

There are, then, these two views of the same Christ, the same Christianity, the same Christian. Neither is complete without the other; neither is safely gazed upon apart from the other. This is why it is possible for the same

person to be sorrowful yet, at the same time, always rejoicing ; this is why we are shown the double aspect in the Mother's life as "Our Lady of Sorrows" and "Our Lady of Joys"; this is why we can, and so often do, sing the same *Gloria Patri* in both major and minor keys ; this is why the Church, the *Sponsa Christi*, the Bride of Christ, can echo the song of the sunburnt slave, bride of the Royal Bridegroom in the Canticles, "I am black but comely."

So we gaze upon the face in the French crucifix as it swings before us day by day, seeing in it the double view of the same Christ, the same Christianity, the same Christian—the one side helping us when we say "Now is my soul troubled," the other catching us up in union with Him of whom it is written "Jesus rejoiced," or rather exulted, "in spirit."

THE PRAYERS OF THE DEPARTED

"I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them. . . . If one went unto them from the dead, they will repent."—S. Luke xvi. 27, 28, 30.



THE Report of the Imperial War Graves Commission has told us that there are 500,000 English graves in France and Belgium alone. And it has further reminded us that Englishmen not only have a deep respect for the bodies of their dead, but that they are growingly interested in the souls of the faithful departed.

I

Those 500,000 buried abroad!—what are they doing? We may be sure of one thing—they are praying for us. This, at least, is revealed in the Parable of Dives and Lazarus (whether they are real figures or figures of the real)—a revelation which we have perhaps somewhat undervalued of late. We have been so absorbed in discussing the possibilities of intercourse *with* the dead and the utility of prayers *for* the dead, that we have forgotten,

or underestimated, the value of the prayers of the dead. And yet this one thing is clear—whether we forget them, or fail in our prayers for them, they do not forget, do not fail to pray for us.

Dives dies, and immediately after his death he is presented to us in the story—only a story, but an inspired story—as remembering and praying for his brothers. “I have five brethren.” These brothers of his! they are his one absorbing thought and topic of conversation; the very brothers with whom he had lived, and sinned, and rioted on earth. Once again he sees their well-known faces in the old house at home—perhaps in some such house of reckless gaiety as pictured by Bonifazio in the Academy at Venice. Once again he remembers how they played together as boys at school. Once again he sees them grown up, and treading the same road by which he has reached his own moral fiery torment. And as he realizes his powerlessness to warn them, in an agony of impotence he sends a great cry across the gulf which must ever separate good and evil, the best and the worst, and pleads that the best (typified by Lazarus) may be shown them before it is too late; pleads that “we needs must love the highest when we see it”; pleads that Lazarus may be sent to warn them off the path which leads to certain misery.

And then, when told that in their present state it would do more harm than good, when reminded that they could find in the ordinary means of grace (typified by Moses and the prophets) all the help they needed, that extra privileges meant extra responsibilities—then once again the persistent cry crosses the gulf, “Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent.” They are, he seems to say, so used to Moses and the prophets; they have heard them read since childhood every Saturday in the synagogue; they have learnt long passages from them at the synagogue school; they are so tired of them that the words slip off their notice, and cease any longer to hit. Nay, father Abraham, try something else: try a sensation, an apparition! it will startle them out of their indifference; an appearance! it will shake them out of their selfishness; a spirit! it will shock them out of their recklessness; a shade! it will frighten them out of their forgetfulness; a spirit-face which they have seen at home with material sores and ulcers and disfigurements! it will sting them out of their carelessness and cruelty. Ah! “if one went unto them from the dead,” that might make all the difference.

It was a good prayer—the best, perhaps the only, prayer the rich man had ever made for others, and like every real prayer it was imme-

diately answered. And, as we all know, the answer was in the negative. Abraham did not send Lazarus—did not, because he would not, not because he could not; did not, because, as he at once proceeds to explain, of the old *cui bono* reason, that it would be no use if he did. God never gives extras when the ordinary remains unused. And so, in very love, father Abraham, like Abraham's Father, refuses to load them with the burden of fresh responsibilities when they are refusing to shoulder the responsibilities already theirs. Thus he answers the rich man's prayer in the best possible way for the rich man's brothers. But the prayer stands, and will ever stand, as the answered prayer of one of the departed (and that one not a saint) for those left behind.

II

And what has this old, other-world story of the intermediate state to say to us to-day? What is our up-to-date interest in its revelations? Just this. It flings itself right into the middle of a modern movement, a movement towards the belief in love, as well as life, beyond the grave—a movement which has, perhaps, more than any other movement taken possession of English society, for good or for evil, since 1914, and has at a bound leapt lightly—far too lightly—from apathy even to absurdity.

For in 1914 we were, as a nation, utterly

apathetic in our whole attitude towards the departed; and those of us who tried to rouse attention to the subject met with the usual fate of enthusiasts: we were called superstitious, or something worse; and were freely pelted with the usual modern equivalents of the old *Raca* and *Moreh* of the New Testament. Then came the war, and, skipping all the necessary intermediate stages, missing all the parenthetical periods which are essential to the sane and solid growth of every movement, "sudden, in a minute," the whole subject sprang into the limelight. And we can see now how amid much that was real, much that was sacred, there was much that was absurd—so much, indeed, that the movement seemed likely to be killed by ridicule, not excluding the perfectly legitimate ridicule of the Bench. Fun was made of the whole thing. Old stories were recalled. We were reminded, for instance, how at a social séance Dean Pigou asked a medium to summon S. Paul from the dead, and how when he appeared (quite irrespective, apparently, of his own wishes!) he, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was unable to write his name in Hebrew; he who had lived at Corinth could not write his name in Greek; he who had spent long years at Rome could not be persuaded by the medium to write his name in Latin; and so on, and so on.

It was all absurd and perhaps did more

harm than the apathy. But under the absurd, as under the apathetic, lay another and a deeper truth which we are just beginning to understand—that in spite of all our apathy and absurdity, in spite of all the sin and sorrow caused by a spurious occultism, genuine searchers after the unseen were, and are, moving in a right direction. Only, they have been moving too quickly. Back we must get—back, please God, we are getting—to that intermediate stage, that parenthetical period, which no movement for good can do without. I often think there is room for a book on the parenthetical periods of history ; periods which are indispensable for linking together the start and the *finis* of every movement worth its name. Just as in the story of the sacrifice of Isaac there was that long and weary intermediate stage between the early morning start and the finding of the substituted ram ; just as in the twenty-third Psalm there was the parenthetical period typified by the valley of the shadow of death in between the green pastures and still waters, and the prepared table and the unending goodness and mercy : so in our study of the unseen there must be an intervening period of testing and groping and darkness before we come out of the tunnel into the full daylight of truth. This is what we have missed, and what, please God, we are slowly recovering.

III

And if we are, as I think we are—I am not sure—in that stage now, it is a very useful stage; for it enables us to sum up our gains and losses in the movement as we move on to the next stage. There are three distinct gains: First, a belief in the continuity of life after death. This belief, held by the new world, is the Creed of the old Church, and the world no longer hesitates to say, “I believe in life everlasting”; no longer answers coldly and formally, but with deep reality, to the question asked in the Baptismal Creed, “Dost thou believe in everlasting life after death?”, “All this I steadfastly believe.” It has ceased to regard parable as fable, and no longer disbelieves that “the beggar,” whoever he stands for, was a type of one who died, and that “he himself,” as it is in the original (with all his individuality and character and personality) was “carried by the angels” into another sphere of being. This at least is a big gain.

Secondly, a belief in a continuity of interest between the inhabitants of the two worlds. The world no longer sneers at the teaching of the Church that, like Dives in the parable, the dead—even the least worthy of them—think of, and yearn over, and pray for their brothers upon earth; another distinct gain.

And, thirdly, a belief in the continuity of

intercourse between the living and the dead. In spite of dubious and even diabolical methods, the world is right in adopting the belief of the Church in the Communion of Saints unhindered by the passage through death, and in recognizing the possibility of visits as yet unsubstantiated by scientific evidence—as of Moses and Elias—from one world to the other. It is strange to think what Lazarus could have told the brothers about Dives had some such possible visit been permitted. He could, at least, have told them that their brother was still alive; that he was conscious; that he was a better man in his purgation than he had ever been in his prosperity; that he remembered them as he never remembered them before; that he cared for them as he had never cared for them before; that he prayed for them as he had never prayed for them before. How majestic it all sounds! And how vividly it reminds us of what we have lost as well as gained, and of the one supreme loss which we have suffered in our treatment of the Blessed Dead—the loss of reverence! The New Testament never touches the subject without imparting some touch of reverential majesty, even to topics of talk, among or with visitants from the other world. How majestic is the scene and conversation when Moses and Elias appeared to the Incarnate and “spake of His decease,” His “exodus,” His “departure”—

the word from which we get our loving title, "The Departed"! How reverent the talk between Dives and Abraham when repentance and the need of warning against wickedness were the absorbing themes of their intercourse, and when pleading for the living was the engrossing work of the dead! How pathetically different from the recorded interviews at reported visits from the other world, through modern mediums, in modern séances, in modern society! How far we have drifted even from the days of Charles Dickens—that unmerciful scourger of all false spiritualism—who tells us that when his wife's sister, Mary Hogarth, appeared to him, as he says, from the dead, his first question to her was, "What is true religion?"

It is, perhaps, the inevitable result of an unbalanced leap from apathy to sensationalism, but it is this spirit of reverence we want to win back, not only for our own sakes and for others, but as one of the rights of the faithful departed—a spirit wonderfully seen, as the Commission has shown, in the treatment even of the bodies of our 500,000 dead at the Front—a spirit well worth imitating in speaking of, or dealing with, the souls of the faithful departed in Paradise.

THE VALUE OF UNCERTAINTY

"It seemed good to me . . . to write unto thee . . . most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed."—S. Luke i. 3, 4.



THEOPHILUS, whoever he was, was evidently in difficulties. Like many of us, he had been instructed in the Faith both orally and by book, especially by the many "Lives of Christ" extant; lives, not indeed put forth by authority, but written by loving hands from notes or memories of what the Master had said and done in three-and-thirty fondly treasured years.

And so, God-loved and God-loving (as his name implies), Theophilus lived content. Then something seems to have happened. There came a day in his life perhaps, as it has come to many of us, when doubts began to arise. Those books on which he had built his faith! Were they authentic? Those memories on which he was relying! Were they accurate? Those stories about the angels, such as Gabriel's *Ave* and the angelic *Gloria*! Were they real, or only pretty pictures for

some Fra Angelico to produce on canvas in after ages? That story of the Divine infancy! Was it true, or only a lovely dream which would some day furnish a Botticelli, or a Murillo, with a theme for a Holy Family? The Blessed Mother! Was she really, as Elisabeth said she was, "the Mother of my Lord," or only a beautiful figure which would some day enchant a Raphael, or form the theme of a Spanish Mystery-Madonna in later years? That Last Supper, with its wonderful words of consecration! Was it a permanent, a Eucharistic, reality, or would it fade away in fifty years like Leonardo's painting on the damp wall of the refectory at S. Mary of the Graces oozing with mineral salts? Those stories of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension! Were they merely legends, or were they the very foundations on which the whole structure of Christianity would rest?

I

Some such criticism may have crossed the mind of the most excellent Theophilus in his search for certainty, and have driven him to consult a trusty historian—just as some modern student might be driven to a Stubbs or Freeman for Constitutional History, or to a Wolseley or a Rosebery for a Life of Napoleon. If so, his excellency could not have gone to a more excellent source, or done a more excel-

lent thing. For certainty he sought, and, like all true seekers, certainty he eventually found.

But, at the moment, we see him in a period of uncertainty; bewildered, it may be, with the many and perhaps conflicting documents before him; not yet possessing the authorized life which was afterwards to receive the Church's *imprimatur*, and to find its permanent place in the Canon of Scripture. It was a difficult but necessary period—for the discipline of uncertainty is as difficult as well as a distinct period in formation of the character both of nations and their units; a period full of possibilities and therefore of hope, and of priceless value if properly handled.

And this is exactly what we want to remember just now. For we are in some such period in the world's story to-day. Uncertainty is painted red over the entrance to almost every great question of the moment. Labour! it is full of uncertainty. Finance; the housing question; work for thousands of disabled men; our own private outlook—all such questions and many more are bristling with uncertainty. The very future of England, Ireland, Russia, the Continent, the whole of the Eastern, and therefore of the Western, question, all are tinged with the uncertain. And it is just the same in the Church. Outside—thank God, only outside—revealed truth, and in matters on which the undivided Church

is silent, uncertainty seems to reign—the Latin Church differing from the English Church, the Greek Church differing from the Latin Church, and Dissenters not only dissenting from all three, but from the sects from which they dissent, thus multiplying the very dissensions which they themselves dissent from.

And speaking from a pulpit, and not a platform, our thoughts turn naturally towards this religious uncertainty. And first remember two things of primary importance: one, that religion is not the only area in which uncertainty reigns, and the other that it cannot be detached from other areas or escape the uncertainty which is affecting them. Think, for instance, of scientific uncertainty. What could have been more certain a hundred years ago than, as Manchester men have lately reminded us, John Dalton's atomic theory, the basis of modern chemistry? Where is it now? Gone, and gone for ever. Or, think of legal uncertainty, and the "glorious uncertainty of the law," which has become a proverb and a byword. What was more certain, for example, than the illegality of bequeathing money for Masses for the dead? And yet the House of Lords has recently gravely pronounced that legal which has been illegal since 1549, and has solemnly said that for a man to build a church and altar for a specific purpose, and then to make it illegal for him to leave money for that

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purpose is nonsense ! Yes ! Uncertainty is found outside the realm of religion, though we are often twitted as if it were only found within.

II

And what are we to say about it all ? Some would, some do, say, "Give it up"—the counsel of the contemptible.

Others say, go to Rome: there, at least, is infallibility, there is certainty. But is there ? If so, it must be found, and only found, in the papal infallibility. But what certainty is there in an asserted certainty which is itself built upon uncertainty ? If, at some touchy moment, we are not unnaturally tempted to turn to an offer which seems to promise so much, let us, at least, assure ourselves that, shorn of all glamour and apart from personal likes and dislikes, there is a certain basis for this claim for certainty. What are the facts ? Think ! It is July 18, 1870. On July 17th papal infallibility was an open question, debatable and debated—a matter of uncertainty. On July 19th it was a dogma of salvation. Something, then, must have happened on July 18th which changed the whole history of the Catholic Church. What was it ? A solemn decree was promulgated by the Pope saying that he was infallible, the Patriarchal Council deliberately adding that "the definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of

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themselves, and not in virtue of the consent of the Church, irreformable." That is to say, the Pope says he is infallible, and therefore, and for no other reason, he is infallible. He is, because he says he is. Where, here, to any real thinker, is certainty? Papal infallibility is a magnificent dream—but a dream. And we say this without throwing any stones at a sister Church, but rather sorrowfully, as the shattering of a lovely dream. There can be no stone-throwing on either side. People who live in glass houses cannot throw stones, and both the Latin and English parts of the one Church are at the moment (please God, a passing moment) living in glass houses—only with this difference, that the Roman glass is ground glass through which few outsiders can see what is going on within, while the English glass is clear glass through which her best and her worst are visible from without, to friends and foes alike.

Is there, then, any other explanation, or at all events, any legitimate line of thought at the moment for our present perplexities? I think there is. The Church, in each of its parts, must go through every period in our Blessed Lord's earthly life. One such period was the period of uncertainty. Our Blessed Lord deliberately placed Himself under the discipline of uncertainty during certain periods of His life on earth. Speaking of the Last Day,

for instance, He says, "Of that day and of that hour knoweth no man, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son"; and, as Bishop Lightfoot reminds us, whatever else the words may mean, they must mean that the day was "hidden in some sense from the Son Himself." So it was with the Cup of Suffering in Gethsemane, and with the Dereliction on Calvary. He passed through the period, and under the discipline, of uncertainty. And thank God for it: for, if not, He would have been out of touch with one great period, and that a very difficult period, of His people's lives. And if this is true of the Head in His time, we should expect to find it true of the Church in our time—for, each period in His life must be repeated in ours. And this is exactly what we do find, and need not be surprised or upset to find. Uncertainty is as much part of God's plan in our stage of the world's story as in any other. We, you and I, are in it now; and we have to "hang on" and work our way through, and out of, it into certainty, as Theophilus did, and not to shirk, or lose head or heart, lest by skipping any one period we lose the grace specially attached to that period. Beware of short cuts in religion. Many of us will remember how we ourselves were led into the search for truth by the uncertainty of the issue of the war and the suspense over many a loved one during that

formative period. We would not have missed it now.

So, again, it is with the Church at rest. The blessed dead! Here again, outside revealed truth, so far as certainty is concerned, we are uncertain as to the state of any one soul, however dear to us, at any one period of its progression in the intermediate state. Much that we should love to learn is hid from our eyes. Revelation, indeed, gives us certainty as to all that God sees it is necessary for us to know. They are "with Christ"—that is certain; "with Christ," catching His likeness as two souls living together may come to resemble each other; "with Christ," dealt with individually, lovingly, perhaps penally, by His all-loving hands, and safe in those hands which are fashioning each one of them more and more like unto His glorious Self. Outside this revealed realm of certainty there may be regions of legitimate deduction, pious opinion, devotional speculation, "sweet fancies, built on memories dear"; but in many things we are left, and are meant to be left, in the period which belongs to the discipline of uncertainty.

III

And so with the intercourse between the two worlds. There is the revealed certainty of the communion of saints—that is certain; but beyond this, as far as certainty is concerned,

we are, and are meant to be, under the discipline of uncertainty. We are uncertain, but seekers for certainty. Were it otherwise, we might be tempted to shirk a period necessary for souls in both worlds, and to miss the discipline which is helping to form our characters on this side and on that. In this, as in other things, that which is certain is revealed, that which is unrevealed is uncertain.

Meanwhile, uncertainty is a period which has its own special purpose in the history of nations and Churches—a purpose which Jesus Himself reveals. It is sent to keep us alert and awake, as men who live with eyes wide open, waiting and watching for the coming dawn—the Dayspring from on high. And so uncertainty becomes a means of grace, not a doctrine of despair. God trusts us with it as an asset in our lives. Certainty will come to us, as it came to Theophilus; but if it comes before the appointed time, it might lure us to sleep, and do more harm than good. Anyhow, here it is.

And we may deal with it in two ways. We may treat it as some are treating it to-day, as a cause for revelling and revolution—like the man in the Gospel who lacked the power to wait, and said in his heart: “My lord delayeth his coming, and began to beat his menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink and be drunken,” and wreck the happiness

of the house. Or we may appraise it at its proper value, and use it "like unto men that wait for their lord, that when he cometh and knocketh they may" — wondrous privilege — "open unto him immediately," and see the Vision Beautiful standing without. It is for us to decide to-day, at this hour in history, at this moment in our Church and country, how we shall use this period of uncertainty. One thing we may take to our comfort :—

"No mortal life but has its shadow times, not one;
Life without shadows could not taste the full sweet
glories of the Sun."

THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD

"And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind."—S. Mark v. 15.



HE Bible is the most cheering book in the world—and the most steady-
ing. And for this reason. It always
faces facts; always admits difficulties;
always deals with disagreeables; and always
gives us a cheery word in dealing with them.
It flings us right into a sea of problems, and
then, just as we are going under, throws out
a life-line, and indicates a possible solution for
us to puzzle out for ourselves.

For instance: there is the problem of evil.
Book after book is full of it, never under-
estimating its forces, never overestimating
its permanence; always admitting its initial
success, always recording its final failure.

If it reveals evil as conquering the first Adam,
evil in turn is conquered by the Second Adam;
if it candidly shows us the ungodly in great
prosperity, it also shows them as "rooted out
at the last"; if it reveals an Ananias and
Sapphira creeping into the early Church, it

reveals at once a Peter armed with the power of the keys locking them out of the kingdom of heaven on earth. There is always this about the Bible—it takes us into the slums, but it never leaves us there ; almost every one of its sixty-six books answers to the divinely planted demand of human nature that, whatever its contents, it has for us a future. Revelation always believes in the future. This is the steadying, cheering hope which the Church gives us in her authorized Guide Book.

I

Here is one illustration : the encounter of Jesus with a lunatic controlled by the spirit of evil. It is a dramatic scene, laid in and around a quiet Palestinian city. Morning by morning the peasants are going forth to their work and to their labour until the evening, and the little children are playing on the roads and in the fields. And then, one day, something happens ; something breaks in upon the quiet monotony of their daily lives. The road is blocked by a madman—a madman exhibiting all the well-known signs of a homicidal and suicidal maniac, all the phenomena of mental disease ; suffering from insomnia and nerves, “crying out night and day” ; degrading himself with a swine-like animalism, and tearing his clothes to pieces ; a danger to himself, “cutting himself with stones,” and

dangerous to others, "exceeding fierce, so that no man could pass that way."

And how do they treat him? By physical force. Guards are appointed to restrain him—as S. Luke tells us (R.V.) "he was kept under guard"—and with a madman's fury he scatters the guard like school-children. Keepers chain his hands and fetter his feet. He is driven into solitude in the city cemetery, to brood in the gloomy cell-like tombs "full of dead men's bones." It was the reign of force. He was a danger to himself and to society, and isolation and the chain-and-fetter method were the only methods then known. But it only made him worse. Physical force is no real remedy for the restless brain; chains could confine but could not cure; fetters could restrain but could not remedy. Something higher than the physical is needed to recover the lunatic's reason, and, because needed, provided. If he is to be cured, the poor uncontrolled, self-mutilated homicide must be reached through an avenue unknown to physical force. And then, once again, something happens. Suddenly the Great Healer appears: Jesus comes along the road—Jesus is always where He is wanted—meets and closes with the maniac, not physically, but spiritually and psychically, and does what chains and fetters had failed to do.

First, He treats him spiritually. Thank God

there is still something in the madman (for he is still a man, though mad) which the Healer can work upon ; something in him which is attracted by, and can only be attracted by, Jesus—"and when he saw Jesus he ran and worshipped Him," the very demons within him owning that their final defeat as forces of evil is not a matter of uncertainty, but only a question of time: "Art Thou come to torment us before the time?" So, spirit acting upon spirit, purity upon impurity, Jesus commands the evil spirits to come out of him, and when he is once more in the realm of the spiritual, then, and not till then, treats him psychically, substitutes suggestion for chains, thoughts for fetters, and puts to him the homely, soothing question, "What is thy name?" Who knows what associations and memories might be suggested by the question ; what quieting thoughts might be recalled by the old familiar sound ; what sunny, peaceful days, rowing it may be on the well-loved lake, when he was pure and placid and himself? Whatever its object, the question had the desired result, and in the self-expulsion of the demons into the swine, and the drowning of the swine in the sea, we see the final triumph of the spiritual over the animal, the psychical over the physical, of good over evil. The poor, unquiet brain is quiet at last ; no need for chains and fetters now ; no more

tearing of clothes and self-mutilation ; no more terrorizing the workmen as they go to their work, and frightening the children as they go to their play ; for there sits the lunatic, in all the peace of a storm-hushed sea, "sitting"—as Saul sat at the feet of Gamaliel—no longer a disciple of demons, but of Jesus ; "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."

Never mind for the moment the exact meaning of the demoniacal possession, or the power of supersensuous influence upon animals (as of the will of the rider over the movements of his horse). We know as yet far too little of the spirit world to dogmatize unduly on any one interpretation to the exclusion of every other—but for our purpose we can just take the story as it stands as a revelation of the victory of good over evil, of the divine over the demoniacal.

II

And this is just the thought we want to-day, when certain sections of society (and we cannot emphasize too strongly they are only sections) seem to have gone collectively mad, and to have lost all power of reasoning and of self-control. They are "possessed"—and the prince of demons, the unclean spirit of self-interest, rules the legion with the tyranny of an autocratic monarch.

Like the lunatic in the Gospel, they lack those three main elements of sanity which every sane man must possess—the rational, the social, and the spiritual. They lack the rational. What, for instance, can be more irrational than to fight for liberty and then, like slaves tied to the oar, to be slaves to each other. What can be more irrational than the old strikes which strike the very strikers themselves. They lack the social, living wholly for themselves, indifferent to the wounds and cuttings they inflict upon others.

They lack the spiritual—neglecting, as only madmen could neglect, the third and greatest element in the tripartite being of man, spirit; deliberately living in and for the material, and wilfully ignoring Jesus, the people's Friend, and the principles which He laid down for the sake of the people, to make the world a people's world—and to their own great hurt, "living without God in the world" where God has placed them to live for Him. But, thank God, lunatics as they are, there is something good in every one of them, as there was in the demoniac; something that Jesus can treat and cure.

What is to be the treatment? It is threefold in its character: physical, psychical, spiritual.

III

The physical has no doubt its part to play—but it is not, and never can be, curative. It

may be, it sometimes is, absolutely necessary to meet force with force. When a section of society goes mad and becomes dangerous, it may be necessary for its own sake, and for the sake of others, to use the restraining power of the padded room or policeman to save life and to keep it from tearing itself and others to pieces. But physical force is at the best only a temporary expedient, not a permanent cure. The psychical is better than the physical. Higher mental forces are needed to act upon lower mental forces. Moral suggestion is essential to expel the unclean spirits of the age. If only our books, our theatres, our films, our papers, our streets, our posters, our dress, our shop windows, everything which is suggestive, could suggest higher instead of lower conceptions of life, what a mighty power for good suggestion would be. We English, too, want to be asked the suggestive question asked of the demoniac, "What is thy name?" suggesting to every Englishman the glory that is in that name, a glory which a mad section, with no interest in the past and no care for a future, is throwing away like rubbish.

But the name suggests something more. There is something higher than, though inseparable from, the physical and the psychical: the spiritual. There is such a thing as spiritual suggestion. And this is essentially the work of the Church. The Church's duty is not to

succeed, but, among other things, to suggest—in its sacraments, services, sermons, in its music and ritual, and the very shape of its buildings; to suggest the higher and expel the lower. Spiritual suggestion is the daily work of every Churchman, of every Christian. Banish the spiritual and you banish sanity; banish Jesus and you banish peace, for—

“Peace that still leaves the Lord of all outcast,
That is no peace:
A mocking parody of peace,
It shall not last.”

And, thank God, the spiritual is not yet banished from even the least sane section of society. Jesus is still on the road, still meeting and not shrinking from the demoniac, who is ever attracted by Him when he sees Him, still asking of each the question of the Church Catechism, “What is thy name?” and still suggesting that it is a Christian name, a name which recalls to him Christian duties and the power of Christ to make him all that the name suggests.

This is the picture painted for us in the Bible—the picture of a disturbed, unquiet, unreasoning world coming sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning of Him, no longer mad, unclean, and degraded, but clothed and in its right mind.

That is why we who believe in revelation (and possibly for no other obvious reason)

believe in the triumph of good over evil,
and in the age in which God has placed us,
not the last rays of a setting sun, but the first
gleam of a coming dawn.

THE FINISHED COURSE

"I have finished my course."—2 Tim. iv. 7.



IT is our patron saint who speaks, the great human-hearted Apostle whose conversion we have just commemorated, and who gives a human name to our cathedral.

He is an old man now. We see him interned in some cold, damp, subterranean cell in a Roman prison, charged, it is said, by Nero with the crime of incendiarism, of setting fire to Rome—a crime which Nero in all probability committed himself. As we enter his cell we see that he is writing a letter—a letter of peculiar interest to us: for it is his last letter, and so many of us just now seem to be living in a land of last and treasured letters. Like the whisper of an actor, the words go right through the auditorium, and we feel the weight of every syllable. The writer himself has a shrewd suspicion that it is the last letter he will ever write: "the time of my departure," or unloosing, "is at hand," "I have finished my course."

And what a course it has been! We can almost see the look on his face as he writes the words. For he looks back over a finished course, as many a soldier and sailor—and he was both—does, to a life full of those two strange opposites, action and inaction, sensational adventures and dreary imprisonments—as a captive airman might look back on a life of brilliant episode and startling achievement, suddenly followed by the monotony and inaction of internment in an enemy's camp. Well! it is all over now. Trances and visions; genuine psychic raptures, whether in the body or out of the body he knows not; mysterious gifts of healing; the Vision on the road to Damascus leading, as was inevitable, to the Ostian Way; handcuffs and stocks at Philippi; exciting riots at Ephesus and Jerusalem; the stoning at Lystra; swaying in a basket as he was let down from a window at Damascus; shipwreck off our own Malta; trials in law courts; imprisonments more wearisome than missionary journeys: they are all over now—and he can calmly face the past from the standpoint of a man who, with no morbid self-depreciation, has done, and owns that he has done, his best. It has been a good wrestling match, and with many a muddle and many a mistake he can say, "I have fought, and am still fighting"—for he uses the perfect tense—"a good fight": "I have kept, and am

L

still keeping, the Faith," that divine deposit entrusted to him, as money is entrusted to the public trustee, not to use it as he likes, but to use in accordance with the terms of the trust and in no other way. It is all finished now, and he is ready for the next stage.

We finish reading the letter with some curiosity, in order to see what his last words will be. And how natural and human, and some would say disappointing, it all reads! how unlike a forced peroration, or a reporter's sensational account of the last words of a dying prisoner!

I

There are three companions in attendance on a man in life and in death: his body, his mind, and his soul—and S. Paul has a word about them each. As to his body: it is a very sacred gift, and must be, not pampered, but cared for, up to the very end. It is the vehicle of sensation, and the cell is cold and damp, and he can get little or no exercise, and perhaps, however strong the mastery of spirit over matter, he may, like a man with an ague, shiver with cold and appear to tremble before his enemies. So he writes: "The cloke that I left at Troas bring with thee"—just as Charles I asked for an extra shirt before his execution, lest he should shiver from cold and be thought to tremble from fear—a shirt,

a beautiful specimen of English drawn lace-work, now to be seen in the Library of Windsor Castle. So much for the body.

Now for the mind. He has many a long brooding hour to wait before the sword strikes its severing blow, and he has never lost the love of books implanted in him by his old friend and tutor, Gamaliel. Ah! if only he could get some of his old friends, the books! So he writes to Timothy: "When thou comest, bring with thee the books, and especially the parchments." So much for the mind.

And now for the soul. He will "make his soul" as the Irish say. Some one had injured him and tried to spoil his work: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil." Well, I leave him to God, Who knows all—and, maybe, knowing all, will forgive all. So much for the soul.

And then follow a few commonplace sentences which seem almost trivial from such a man at such a moment; affectionate remembrances sent to a few friends who will like to be remembered when he has gone: "Salute Prisca and Aquila"; kind messages from fellow-workers, Pudens and Linus and Claudia; his love to that bright sunny soul Onesiphorus, who had so "oft refreshed" him—and to be a refreshment to others is no mean work in itself—and then *Dominus cum spiritu tuo*; "The Lord Jesus Christ

be with thy spirit. Amen." And that is all.

Does it all seem trivial and unworthy of the last hours of so great a man? At such a moment there is neither great nor small, only the real man. And after all, this is mostly what real men write in their last letters. Read the letter written by Sir Thomas More from his cell in the Tower of London to his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, "myne own good daughter" as he calls her: "Oure Lord blesse you, good daughter, and your good husbnde, and your little boye, and all yours, and all my chyl dren and all my godde chyl dren, and all our frendes . . ."; "Written with a cole by your tender loving father, who in hys pore prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes nor your nurses," and so on: "and thus fare ye hartely well—Thomas More, Knyghte." And it is a commonplace in our day that letters written on the eve of a battle, or by the wounded or the sick or dying in hospital, are full of such last simple sentences as (I am quoting): "How are the children?"; "Does the dog miss me?"; "What is happening to the bird?"; "Are the vegetables growing?"; "Remember me to so-and-so"; "So-and-so (from the next village at home) wants to be remembered to you"—and yet, running through all, the half unconscious thought-transference, "the time of my departure is at hand."

And so it is with S. Paul, as he seems to say good-bye to himself and his friends. "I have finished my course." It is all ended now.

II

But is it? Does finished mean ended? Yes and no. Yes, in the sense that this life is over. Yes, in the sense that his earthly career, with all its chances, taken or lost, its opportunities of doing good or harm, of helping or hindering, are gone. But, there is another sense in which the word may mean exactly the opposite. "Finished" has an outlook as well as a backlook. It means here, as it meant on our Saviour's lips on Calvary, not ended, but completed—a period completed in itself, and now ready for the next stage.

Life is divided into periods, though no one period is independent of the others. It is, I think, Dean Stanley who tells us how naturally the life of the Black Prince divides itself into periods of ten years, no one period, of course, being independent of the preceding one. As each course is finished it merges into the next one. So in learning English history, we were taught it in periods, such as the Tudor, the Stuart, the Hanoverian period—a dangerous method unless we remember that as each period is finished it passes into the next. And so in Church history. There is the Pre-Reformation, the Reformation, and the

Post-Reformation period, and, again, as each period is finished it passes into the next, and to study one period without the other would give an wholly erroneous idea of history.

Carry the thought into a question which is being freely debated to-day, the Disestablishment of what is called "the Church of England as by law established"—or to give it its full title first found in Canon 3 of 1604, "as by law established under the King's Majesty"—i.e. the law enacted to be the King's Ecclesiastical Law, and to be administered by the King's Ecclesiastical Courts. It can only be profitably debated as part of history.

And it is quieting to some to be reminded that even if the present legal position of the Church of England should be changed, and its old historical position as the official religious representative of the nation should have finished its course, finished would not mean ended. It would mean that the Church had finished one period of its work in connection with the State, an intermediate and temporary period, in its history. But the Church in England would not, of course, be ended.

Some things, indeed, might in a sense be outwardly ended—not things vital, but political, social, liturgical, financial, legal. Politically, for instance, the Church might lose its historic right to send a certain number of Bishops as non-elected members to the House of Lords.

Socially, it might lose an imaginary, but practically non-existent, social preference, wrongly said to be accorded to it by the State. Liturgically, it might, and would, lose the inelastic and confining limits imposed on its statutable services by this or that Act of Parliament. Financially, it might lose, however unjustly, a certain proportion of its tithe and endowments, i.e. the voluntary gifts of Church people for Church purposes. Legally, it would, for good or for ill, lose in part, though only in part, its legal alliance with the State. But none of these things would in any way touch the life of the Church itself. There is all the difference in the world between the Church of England as by law established and the Church Universal as by Christ established; and however severely it might and would wrench history and impoverish the Church, Disestablishment could no more make an end of that Church than the removal of its candlestick from one of the Seven Churches of Asia would annul the promise to the Church Universal—not to any one part of it—that the gates of Hades should not prevail against it.

And it is the same with our work as with our history. Finished does not mean ended. It often seems, indeed, sad to look back at the passing of works for which we have toiled and suffered and to see them no more. Well! they have finished their course. But finished

does not mean ended: they have done their work and have passed into some other and resultant work which might not have been possible without them. Many a good work has been spoilt by the worker obstinately dragging it on after the finger of God has written "finis" upon it, forgetting that finished work is still our work, only it has passed into another period and into other hands—just as the finished work of S. Paul passed into the hands and work of an Augustine, an Athanasius, a Patrick and a Columba, a Selwyn and a Martyn, and hundreds of others.

III

And so we come back to the life itself which is passing in the Roman cell. "I have finished my course." And here above all, finished does not mean ended. As we think to-day of our blessed dead, could we bear to believe that finished meant ended? God never asks us to believe an unbearable creed if a bearable one is equally credible. And S. Paul's word for death is "departure." It is perhaps the best of all definitions of death. In the original it means "an unloosing," and the figure seems to be taken from lifting the anchor and cutting the cable which have restrained the spirit, like some newly-launched ship, from starting on its new and destined voyage. So much at least we may believe of the finished course of many a

man and woman and little child who seem to have died before their time. They are setting out on a new voyage. Their course is finished, not ended.

So the old man looks on, as quietly and calmly as he looked back, to the next period in his history. For as his eye looks away from his narrow cell into the future, he catches a glimpse of another vision—of a crown laid up for him among the spiritual regalia in God's great jewel house, and in that crown he reads the meaning of past, present, and future. "I see it all now," he seems to say; "as each period of life has finished its course it has prepared me for the next, and a purpose has run through all. I have been chiselled and clipped and shaped to fit the crown, though often and often without knowing it." In some earthly coronation the crown is made to fit the head; but here the process is reversed, and in the heavenly crowning the head is made to fit the crown. Thank God, finished does not mean ended. Finished has a future.

THE MIXED MULTITUDE

"The same day went Jesus out of the house, and began to teach by the seaside, and great multitudes were gathered unto Him, so that He went into a ship, and taught them many things. And when they were alone His disciples said unto Him, Why speakest Thou unto them in parables? And He said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without in parables."—S. Matthew xiii. 1-3; S. Mark iv. 10.



Thus must, I think, have been with a certain sense of disappointment that the disciples listened to Jesus preaching to the people on the beach. Such big problems were in the air; great political problems which He Himself had raised by the Sermon on the Mount; economic problems suggested by the teaching of the two coats; moral problems about not resisting evil; national problems touching the restoration to Israel of the temporal power in the first century, as to the Roman Church in the tenth and following centuries. And no one could handle them as He, the Master, could; no one could reach the heart of the people as He could; no one understood them as He did; He was one of them; He knew what was in man, for He was man, and as such could speak—oh! to have heard

Him—as never man spake. It seemed the chance of a lifetime. And then, all He seems to do is to tell them beautiful stories, strung together like beads on a rosary. There stands the expectant crowd on the shore, and all He does is to sit in a boat, gently rocked by the waves, and roll out parable after parable, story after story, just simple stories about their daily lives, stories about seeds, and tares, and nets, and pearls, and leaven, and birds, as if no such burning questions were being discussed.

How trivial and petty it all seems! But, as usual, Jesus knew best—knew that there is always, now as then, an intimate connection between the daily lives of the people and grave questions of national importance—knew the care that was necessary in handling a mixed multitude. And so, when the disciples go to Him with their disappointed “Why?”—“Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?”—He, Who is so patient with stupidity—even with our stupidity, and that says much—gives them an answer which all speakers would do well to study before incurring the responsibility of addressing a mixed multitude—a responsibility gaily unrecognized by speakers of both sexes.

I

There is, He tells His disciples, in every multitude an outer and an inner ring, “those”—

to quote His own words—"who are without," and those who are within, and what is said to the one class will often be misunderstood and misinterpreted by the other. "Unto you," the initiated, He says, "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but unto them that are without in parables." He is thinking of the crowd as a live thing, a living whole, made up of living units, and He has to face the same difficulty which every speaker in church or hall, in pulpit, park, or elsewhere, has to face when addressing a mixed multitude—the difficulty of speaking to men and women, such as are here this afternoon, of wholly different ages, characters, temperaments, views; in wholly different stages of intellectual, moral, and spiritual attainment; the instructed and the uninstructed; the initiated and the uninitiated; the imaginative and the unimaginative; the thinker and the thoughtless; and above all, that great majority in the crowd who are neither wholly one nor the other. The same words will convey totally different meanings to different hearers—as they do to different reporters at some political or ecclesiastical (especially ecclesiastical) meeting. What will help some will hurt others: what will reach some will miss others: what one will understand will be Arabic to another.

For instance, there will be in the crowd the uninstructed man, ignorant, and ignorant of his

ignorance, who will casually drop into a church, once in a way, and expect to find a service, with creeds and sermon, and music and ritual, all just to his liking, wholly irrespective of the needs or likings of others, and then, failing to understand its meaning, will go home and expose his ignorance by writing to a daily paper, saying that he failed to understand anything that was going on: that the sermon was silly, the creed out of date, the music bad, and the service not much better. His grievance, you see, is that he cannot understand. Exactly! But, in his uninstructed state, he is not meant to understand. The service—perhaps even the sermon!—is beyond him, and is not designed for him until he has been taught. And, if it had all been to his liking, it would have utterly failed to satisfy that other representative in the multitude, the instructed Churchman, no casual looker-in, but a weekly or daily worshipper, a regular communicant, a trained thinker, for whom that particular service is, maybe, designed, and who demands, and rightly demands, something in his religion and mode of worship worthy of as much intellectual thought, study, and inquiry as his science, philosophy, or business.

And in dealing with the difficulty Jesus would remind us of the responsibility of handling a mixed audience. It is not always

wise or safe to say everything to everybody. A distinction is to be drawn between public and private utterances. To the mixed multitude He speaks in parables; to the disciples He expounds mysteries: He will, as the word means, release, or loose, the mystery which the parable contains. He adopts, that is, the method followed by the old mission priests conducting those old-fashioned missions which we want so badly to-day, who would talk to the mixed multitude parabolically, pictorially, arrestingly, with hearts burning with love, "giving sinners no rest as long as they stuck to their sins"—and then, at the after-meeting, expound or release the mysteries of the kingdom, its doctrines, its sacraments, its services, to those who stayed behind, and to whom it was "given to know."

"To them in parables!" And what is a parable? Perhaps the old school definition is still as good as any: "A parable is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning"—the two, as the word suggests, placed beside each other for comparison. First, there is the earthly story itself—the story of the seed, the tares, the net, the pearl, the leaven, the birds. Jesus never underestimates the value of the earthly story, quite apart from its underlying meaning. He knows its magic power on the multitude, for good or for ill.

II

And in studying His methods for imitation, there are two points about His stories or parables which speakers and hearers, writers and readers, would do well to remember to-day. They are always suitable: they are always beautiful.

They are always suitable. First, negatively. In speaking to the mixed multitude, Jesus never says anything which He has to be sorry for afterwards; never chooses a subject which comes into the catalogue of the unsuitable—a hint for some who, with best intentions, select subjects of doubtful suitability to-day. Best intentions sometimes produce worst results—and they not infrequently do so in subjects selected for mixed audiences in these days. And then, positively, see how exactly He suits His subjects to His hearers. He gives to them what He gathers from them. That story of the sower and the seed! Why, it makes every peasant in the crowd feel at home with Him at once. That story of the tares! You can see it hit that old farmer in the crowd straight in the face, as he thinks of a neighbour with whom he has quarrelled, an enemy who has spoilt his fields, and he only wishes he could hear the sermon, which would have suited him so exactly! That story of the pearl! “Why, He knows all about me and my business!”

says the pearl merchant, thinking of his priceless find and his last big deal: "There's something in religion after all!" That story about the net! "Why, the Man's a fisherman Himself!" says one fisherman to another, and they settle down to listen to the great Fisher of Souls. That story about the leaven! Why, you can see the quiet smile on the good wife's face, as she thinks of the spot of yeast she has planted in the dough before coming to the meeting. And the children she has perhaps brought with her—there are children in every crowd. See how that story of the birds and the branches entraps their wandering attention as they say, "If only the sermon was always as nice as that!"

And then, His earthly stories are always beautiful. They remind us, apart from their inner meaning, that beauty, as such, has its own mission. Even if they were only literary gems, and nothing more, they would be of immense value as specimens setting a standard of literary taste, and in creating a highland atmosphere which makes the fetid air of foul or fifth-rate fiction unbreathable. Who can walk through the Illuminated MSS. Saloon in the British Museum without catching the culture, the spiritual culture, which almost psychically fills the room? Who can go on to the students' room, and see the facsimile of that magnificent Irish Book of Kells, that illuminated

MS. of the four Gospels in Trinity College, Dublin, which Mr. Madan has so fascinatingly told us of, without feeling a better man, and without gratitude to those old Columban monks of Meath for their legacy of beauty? And may I go one step further, and say that perhaps only those of us who have lived and worked in the Black Country, or in some other part of England's coal-world, can even dimly gauge the effect which the lack of beauty above ground and below must have upon men and boys below—sometimes four miles from the shaft—and women and children above the pits, and on their attitude towards their own position and towards ours. It is all so terribly ugly. God always gives the multitude the beautiful, however short a way it may go.

III

And of course it will not go all the way, or perhaps, by itself, very far. By itself, external beauty ends in itself, and fails to unloose the mystery which it is meant to reveal. Like Michael Angelo, we must press forward from the outward beauty to the unseen mysteries which are revealed to those "to whom it is given to know." The earthly story has a higher, heavenly meaning. Its very beauty makes us suspect there is something more to come. And there is. Think only of the parables from the boat, and what they have to

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reveal. How worried we get, for instance, at the slow progress which the Church is making in the world ! Can this be the true Church of God on earth ? we ask. Ah ! but read the God-told parable of the seed, with its slow and secret growth, and you will see that this slow growth is exactly what the heavenly Sower foretold. Were it otherwise, it would not be growing in the appointed way. Or, how small and narrow the Church looks compared with the vast areas it is destined to cover, "as the waters cover the sea." Can this ever be the Great Holy Catholic Church throughout the world ? Read behind the parable of the mustard-seed, and you will find its expansion predicted in this very way. How puzzling, again, the mixed multitude of good and evil in the same Church, and in the same members of the same Church ! Well, this is precisely what the parable of the net says we are to look for. And the pearls of life : how beautiful they are and are meant to be ! Can anything be more beautiful ? Read the parable of the priceless pearl, and you will find that the more, not the less, beautiful they are, the more beautiful will be the pearl of great price by comparison. And so through all the parables, there is the heavenly meaning in the earthly story for searchers to whom it is "given to know."

And it is just as true of our own earthly story. Scattered about the multitude, we each

have our own private earthly story, which we are reading and writing every day. It is often a story full of puzzles and prickles, bristling with parabolic utterances and unexpounded mysteries. And yet behind it all there lies a heavenly meaning for those to whom it is "given to know"—a meaning not always, certainly not now, clear and simple, but for that very reason sending us out of the noisy crowd to the "Revealer of secrets," to ask Him privately, "alone," in the house, what it all means. It may be in a house of retreat, in the quiet silence which follows an address: it may be in the house of God, uplifted by the early morning service, or kneeling silently before the Blessed Sacrament: it may be in our own house when pausing in our room, as many a man will do, before the day's work begins or when it is over, that the answer will come; but come it surely will, as it has come again and again, to the soul that asks, to the soul who, worried and bewildered at life's mysterious stories, has whispered to the Master, "Declare unto us the parable." For to such Jesus will release the meaning of the mystery, and will whisper back to the disciple, "Now the parable is this."

S. PAUL'S GIRDLE

"And . . . there came down . . . a certain prophet, named Agabus. And when he was come unto us, he took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle."—Acts xxi. 10, 11.



T was a dramatic scene, linking together, in principle though not in practice, the Bible and the "Book of the words."

Linger for a moment on this Drama of the Girdle—complying, as it does, with the rule laid down by Aristotle, some three hundred years before, that a tragedy should contain one catastrophe, should be confined to one day, and should consist of one scene. Here the catastrophe is the binding and imprisonment of a man for his religious convictions; the day is a marked day in the first century; the scene a New Testament tragedy in the dramatic life of S. Paul.

The scene is laid in the house of a well-known Churchman, Philip the Evangelist, who, with his four daughters, is entertaining S. Paul on what proved to be his last journey

to Jerusalem. Host and hostesses, Paul and his company, are gathered together in a room henceforth to be historical. Suddenly the door opens. Enters Agabus. Advancing into the room he sees a girdle, which binds the loose Oriental robe together, lying on the floor where S. Paul, hot and tired and dusty, had probably flung it. Stooping down, he picks it up, and, with dramatic "outward gesture and deed," cords his own feet and handcuffs his own wrists, in symbolic action. Then: Agabus speaks: "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle." The audience becomes emotional—so emotional that it affects the unemotional Apostle (for the least emotional, when emotional, are most emotional), who points the moral of the drama—the cruelty of making things harder for each other: "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? I am ready not only to be bound, but to die" for the cause I have given my life to. And then follows the *Domini voluntas fiat* of the listeners, and the curtain drops.

It is all intensely dramatic. It is drama pure and simple—and it is meant to be.

I

But it is in the Bible! Exactly! It is the Bible's *imprimatur* upon a pure drama. If not, the Bible would be out of touch with the millions in whom God has planted a love of

the dramatic, from the sleeping little one who seems to hear the horns of elf-land faintly sounding in the distance, to the boy or girl "mad to go upon the stage." We are all actors ; we are all mimics, reproducing others' thoughts and ways as actors do on the stage. Emerson is right when he tells us that "nothing is more rare in any man than an act of his own, people's lives are a mimicry, their passions a quotation." Goethe is right when he says, "there are many echoes in the world, but few voices."

Is, then, the drama Scriptural? We find, as we should expect to find, that the Bible is full of the dramatic from beginning to end—from the Garden scene in Eden to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. For instance, we open the Old Testament and find at once what Mrs. Browning's poem calls "A drama of exile," depicting the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise—an inspired drama with its talking serpent, and allegorical apple, and miracle-working trees, and mystic gate, and scorching flame, and glittering sword, and *dramatis personae*. It is all drama—of course much, very much, more than drama, but drama. We open it again at the Song of Songs, that most perfect pastoral drama which Dr. Driver says was designed to be acted rather than read, and which sets the inspired standard for dramatic authorship and dramatic acting.

And if we open our New Testament, we find the same human story, from the Bethlehem Tableau to the dramatic Ascension on Olivet, fulfilling in living reality the old Psalmist's magnificent drama of the opening gates and the everlasting doors, and the King of Glory. And we find it, in strange beauty, painted in perfect picture, written in a few masterly strokes, by outward gesture and deed, in the drama of another girdle when Jesus would teach us the royalty of service. How dramatic it all is! Jesus and His disciples at their meal, the disciples, maybe, arguing who should be the greatest! Suddenly the Saviour rises from the table, girds Himself with a towel-made girdle, lays aside His outer hindering robe, and, in a servant's tunic, pours water into a basin—the work of a servant—and washes His disciples' feet. It is teaching by means of perfect drama. And so scene after scene unrolls itself, until we come to the saving scene of all, in the land of the Last Supper—that scene which has lately been so tenderly described for us. “Not in Aeschylus nor Dante, those stern masters of tenderness, in Shakespeare the most purely human of all, in the whole of Celtic myth and legend, where loveliness is shown through a mist of tears, is there anything that for sheer simplicity of pathos wedded with sublimity of tragic effect can be said to be equal to, or even approach, the last drama of the passion of Jesus

—it is the most wonderful drama of recorded time.”

II

And the Bible's *imprimatur* is the Church's *nihil obstat*. For the Church, which places the Bible as a *vade mecum* in the hands of her children, teaches those children by Bible methods. She, too, has her drama—a drama which, at least in England, was gradually developed from her own services. We see it in her mediaeval Mystery Plays¹—plays, i.e. taken from Scriptural subjects, and probably so called from their original place among the ceremonies of the Mass. We see it in her Miracle Plays—plays based on post-Scriptural subjects, such as the lives of saints and martyrs, and acted first in church and then in the open air, as at some sacred well by the parish clerks at “Clerkenwell.” We see it in the Morality, or moral, Plays depicting the struggle for the soul by allegorical figures of Virtue and Vice, always appealing to true human nature, to human nature as God means it to be, by making Virtue triumph over Vice—an appeal which holds its own even to-day, for it is at least doubtful whether the most eminent and fascinating actor or actress could make a lasting success of a play in which Vice was finally victorious.

¹ In England they were called “miracle plays.” The expression mystery play was not introduced here till the eighteenth century; long after the plays themselves had disappeared.

And we see drama in our own Church services and ceremonies, reflecting as they do the ceremonies and services of the Church Universal. We see it in the dramatic aspect of the Sacrament of Baptism, in some such simple act as a nurse handing the child to the godmother, and the godmother handing it to the priest, and the priest pouring upon it (or, as in hot climates, immersing it in) the sanctified water, signing it with the sign of the Cross, baptizing it in the Threefold Name, and thus effecting inwardly what is symbolized outwardly.

We see it in Confirmation, in the Confirmation veil or cap, in the procession up to, and the kneeling before, the bishop, in the laying-on of the bishop's hands—again an outward gesture and deed conveying sacramentally all that the sacrament signifies. We can see it in the Marriage service in the arresting "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" and the responsible "giving away" of the bride to the bridegroom, in the bridal procession, in the wedding dress, in the ritual of the ring, in the symbolic taking and loosing of bride and bridegroom's hands. We see it in the Eucharistic service, in the vestments of the priest, whether simple surplice or superb chasuble, in the manual acts, whether many or few, as, for instance, in our Prayer Book directions to the priest, at the words of consecration, "to lay his

hand upon the bread," and "to lay his hand upon every vessel in which there is any wine to be consecrated"—and, as the ultimate survival of the Greek Chorus, lost elsewhere to art, in the server assisting and answering the priest. And we see the same thought at work in many a common word phrase connecting, not dissevering, the Church and Stage.

And then there is dancing, which in ancient religions was a religious ceremony—that dancing of which Plato, in pre-Christian days, had written, "all dancing ought to be a religion"—controlled, that is, by religion, not driven away from religion. I have read that the word "ball" has a religious origin, arising out of the Neapolitans' "ball-play" in church at the festival corresponding to our Easter, when, in the opening ceremony, the Dean took the ball in his left hand, and beginning the antiphon, threw the ball to the choir-boys as they joined hands and danced around him—the name being retained when the use of the ball was dropped. And a writer of the seventeenth century tells us that he "often saw the canons and choristers of Westminster Abbey joining hands and dancing as they sang their hymns of jubilation."


And the theatre stalls, what are they but the choir-stalls, such as those in our own S. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, put to secular uses? And "the gods," as the patrons of the gallery

are sometimes called ! Do they not take us back to the days of pagan religion, when the ceilings of theatres were embellished with representations of mythological deities, so that those who sat beneath them were said to be "amongst the gods" ? And the very word Tragedy ! It comes from two Greek words signifying a goat and an ode, or song, and (so the best authorities think) takes us back to the days when songs accompanied the sacrifice of the goat upon the altar. I am not straining the point, or advocating Bible plays upon the ordinary modern stage, but merely reminding you that Church and Stage, religion and acting, had common life, common words, common interests in their early days, and should have now.

This at least, and much more, we may learn from the drama of the Girdle, from the tragedy of the man who is known in Scripture as "the man that owneth this girdle."

GLORIA PATRI

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

OWARDS the middle of the sixth century, in a well-known Neapolitan monastery, a monk sits bending over a famous manuscript. He is dressed in a long black gown with loose white sleeves, and in cowl and scapular—the well-known habit of Black Benedictines. Who is he? What is he doing? What is the manuscript? We know his name, and Christian art has made his face familiar to us. It is Benedict himself, founder of the order which is to change the entire spiritual contour of Western Christendom, and from whose doors will issue Augustine and the forty monks to whom we owe the conversion of England. And what is he doing? He is studying the famous rule of the Benedictine Order, gleams of which shine out in more than one rubric in our own English Prayer Book. And, to-day, Trinity Sunday, we look over his shoulder, and focus our eyes upon one special clause in the rule—the rubric which orders that the *Gloria Patri* shall be recited in

honour of the Blessed Trinity at the end of every Psalm in the Divine Office.

And now some fourteen centuries have passed away, and we hear an echo of the order in one of our own rubrics—the rubric after the *Venite*, which ordains that the *Gloria* shall be said or sung after every Psalm and after certain specified Canticles in the Divine Service: “At the end of every Psalm throughout the year, and likewise at the end of *Benedicite*, *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*.” There is the rubric, a lineal descendant of the Benedictine rule.

And it is in this *Gloria* that we find our thought for Trinity Sunday. For we stand to-day, as it were, before some mystic triptych, and face the mystery—most ancient of all mysteries—of the Trinity in Unity, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Blessed Trinity ! It is, of course, a mystery. But what do we mean by a mystery ? A mystery is something that is knowable but not yet known ; something explicable but not yet explained ; something discoverable but not yet discovered. It is in this sense of the word that Trinity Sunday presents to us the greatest of all mysteries in the Christian Faith. And as a mystery we thank God for it. For a religion without mystery would fail to satisfy thousands, and would lose a large part of the attractiveness which always fascinates students of the unknown.

“God in three Persons, Blessed Trinity!” Here, indeed, is a mystery—the meaning of which is knowable but not yet known. And it is well. A God whom we could grasp with our puny intellects is not the God Who would satisfy us either intellectually or spiritually. That which Mr. Balfour says of the Incarnation is equally true of the Trinity: “Unless it were too vast for our intellectual apprehension, it would be too narrow for our spiritual needs.” Thanks be to God, there are in the Catholic religion mysteries revealed but not explained, secrets kept for the joy of discovery in the life of the world to come. For these “we wait for light.”

And one of these secrets is the meaning of the Blessed Trinity—a mystery which is beyond our mental grasp, and belongs to the realm of revelation rather than of reason. Must we, then, exclude reason altogether when studying the mystery, and trying to decipher its meaning? Must we say that here at least revelation is contrary to, and clashes with, reason. No. That which cannot be compassed by reason is not necessarily contrary to reason. Reason in its own sphere and in its own province has much to say in regard to revelation.

What, then, is that province? It is not the province of reason to prove or disprove the thing revealed, but to investigate the reasonableness of the revelation. And it may do this

in many ways. It may, for instance, compare the subject-matter of revelation with, and illustrate it by, corresponding lines of thought in other departments. And, indeed, this is just what reason does in dealing with the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. It shows that there is nothing unreasonable in Trinity in Unity. In dealing, for instance, with space, it shows that in geometry all space is inclosed within three lines ; or it deals with time, and shows how our only concept of time is "past, present, and future"—"as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" ; or it deals with heat, and shows, as Professor Tyndall has shown by the spectrum, that all intensely heated bodies emit three rays—light which can be seen but not felt, heat which can be felt but not seen, and a third ray, called the actinic ray, which can be neither seen nor felt, but which is known by its results ; or it deals with matter and shows that we can only describe an atom in terms of length, breadth, and depth. And it rises to man and tells us that man lives and moves in trinities ; that man can only utter himself as an intelligent being in a threefold strand of subject, predicate, and copula : can only express himself logically by major premiss, minor premiss, and conclusion. All such illustrations may help to show the reasonableness of revelation in presenting to us the Godhead as Trinity in Unity : but they do

nothing more. Illustrations are not evidences. But then they are not meant to be ; and it is when we confuse illustrations with explanations that we damage our Creed and have to beg pardon of both.

But, granted the reasonableness of the revelation, seeing that there is nothing antecedently unreasonable in the teaching of Trinity Sunday, we may press another word into our service, and look at the *Gloria Patri* in the light of experience. For we may, and often do, experience that which we cannot understand. And in the realm of experience—perhaps the nearest approach to proof—we want all three Persons in the Blessed Trinity. It is only the complete *Gloria* on the lips that makes the perfect music in the heart: “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.”

I

And first: “Glory be to the Father.” A people’s religion is very largely affected by its conception of God. And it is easier for us to say our *Gloria* to-day than in times when the fatherhood of God was less vividly realized. It must have been intensely difficult for our forefathers to sing their “Glory be to the Father” when their main conception of the Father was that of a grim autocrat who demanded from them, not a voluntary response from sons, but a mechanical obedience from

slaves. Thank God, in these days, when the fatherly attitude of God to man is almost unduly emphasized—if that were possible—we have no such difficulty. This *Gloria* at least need never die away on our lips. To us, God is not some autocratic monarch, but, as the root meaning of the word “father” suggests, a “Protector” of His people—the Protector both of the “quick and the dead,” the living and the departed.

First, the living. For example, such a conception of God’s fatherhood has altered for us the whole meaning of those two great mysteries, sin and suffering. I can understand now the Prodigal’s cry: “Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee”—against heaven with its almost terrifying purity; yes, “against Heaven,” but “before Thee”; Thee of whom it is written: “Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear Him.” It is this fatherhood of God which makes all the difference. And therefore I say, “Glory be to the Father.”

And so with suffering. “The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?” Once grasp the love of fatherhood, and the meaning of suffering is changed. It is still suffering, still “the cup,” and still a cup which must be drunk; but the hand which puts it to the lips is the hand of a Father—and this, again, makes all the difference. Suffering is no longer

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a hard abstract mystery : a Father intervenes. "My father" tells of a person and a purpose—of a father whose title is meaningless unless it tells of a loving person with a loving purpose. It is still a mystery, but a mystery we are on the way to discover. And therefore I say, "Glory be to the Father."

And as with the living so with the blessed dead. Father means Protector ; and this conception of God changes our whole belief in God's attitude to the faithful departed. As their "Protector," we can trust them to His "Fatherly hand"; trust them as some child might trust her treasures to an earthly father on going to rest, sure that "through the long night watches" he will keep them safe until to-morrow.

"Thou, Abba, knowest how dear
My little child's poor playthings are to her ;
What love and joy
She has in every darling doll and precious toy.
Yet when she stands between my knees
To kiss 'good night,' she does not sob in sorrow
'O Father, do not break or injure these.'
She knows that I shall lay them fondly
For happiness to-morrow.
So leaves them trustfully :
And shall not I ?"

And I, too, as I think of the blessed dead, or sing the Psalms in the Office for the Faithful Departed, can echo the cry of S. Benedict after every Psalm, and say, "Glory be to the Father."

II

But further: "Glory be to the Son." We have seen God's attitude to man as revealed under the name of Father. We now see man's attitude to God, as revealed under the title "Son." For this was one, though only one, of the many reasons why God became Incarnate, to stand in front of humanity, and show man what must be his attitude towards God—an attitude made possible by God's fatherly attitude towards him. And what is this attitude? Obedience. Obedience is one supreme word which runs through all the earthly life of God the Son. The word is out of fashion to-day and in disrepute. A right resistance to wrong demands has sometimes developed into a wrong resistance to right demands, and to the denial of a virtue which shone with radiance in and through the life of Christ. Hence, obedience is losing its lofty place in man's relationship with God. Yet obedience is a great word, and it takes a great soul to compass it. Any fool can disobey. It takes a great character to obey. God Himself came down to show us how to be obedient. Is it not written of obedience even to earthly authority: "He," very God and very Man, "went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them." It must have made a huge demand upon His daily life. Voluntary obedience was the pith

and kernel of the Incarnate's attitude to His Father: "Lo, I come to do Thy will: yea, I am content to do it." Voluntarily I bend my will with Thine, and am content. Such contentment is strangely at discount in these days. It involves too much. But with the Son obedience produced all the circumstances which it involved. He was "obedient unto death, even the (unlovely) death of the Cross." Think of all that it meant—not a thought of self; elimination of all self-interest; banishment of all self-assertion; abandonment of all self-seeking: "Lo, I come to do Thy will"; and, in spite of the natural shrinking from the Cup, with its human legend, "if it be possible," running round the rim, He accepts the impossible, and, intertwining His will with that of the Father, deliberately converts the occasion into a supreme act of voluntary obedience. And what was the result? The whole story of the Precious Blood from that day to this. And therefore I say, "Glory be to the Son."

III

Yet again, "Glory be to the Holy Ghost." We have seen God's attitude towards man and its demand on man's attitude towards God; and we as men, as part of that humanity which He consecrated by "taking the manhood into God," long with a great longing to place ourselves in union with Him, in a corresponding

attitude to the Father. But here is just where we fail. "We have no power of ourselves to help ourselves." What is it we need? It is power—the power to do that which we want to do. We may if we will: we have the ability, but we lack the ability to use the ability. And this power is the revealed gift of God the Holy Ghost. Not only does the Saviour promise, "He shall take of Mine and show it unto you," and make you long to be like it, but "ye shall receive power" to realize that longing "when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." And the Holy Ghost has come; the power is ours.

And it is ours in two ways. There is in natural philosophy a science, called dynamics, which treats of the action of force in two ways: by statics, the force which causes rest and prevents movement, and by kinetics, the force which causes movement and prevents stagnation. So it is with the Holy Ghost. There is the static force which keeps me close to Christ, which prevents the restless movement which would draw me away from the Ideal; and there is the kinetic force which causes movement, draws me to the Christ, and prevents spiritual and a lazy quiescence in the unideal. Both forces are mine, and both—so says revelation—are the gift of the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity. And therefore I say, "Glory be to the Holy Ghost."

And so it is that on Trinity Sunday I claim

the God, the Trinity in Unity, which experience has told me that I want—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I need and I have them all—"each Person by Himself," and "all three Persons together," to make me God-like, and to satisfy my heart's desires. I need the Trinity of the Creed, and I only find my full satisfaction when I make the dogma the foundation of devotion, and devotion the result of dogma.

"Ah! life is festival indeed
When day by day we learn to live our Creed."

I need the Trinity of the Prayer Book—the Trinity of "The Grace," the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to keep me from falling; the love of God, to keep me from getting unlovely, and hard, and bitter, and unloving; the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, to keep me from loneliness and selfishness, to prevent my forgetting the social side of life, human and divine, and to stay me from living for myself alone. I need the Trinity of the Litany, and I pray best when I pray to the whole three Persons in one God: "O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God." I need, and I have, "the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity," Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And therefore I say *Gloria Patri*: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."



PRINTED BY A. R. MOWBRAY & Co. LTD.
LONDON AND OXFORD





